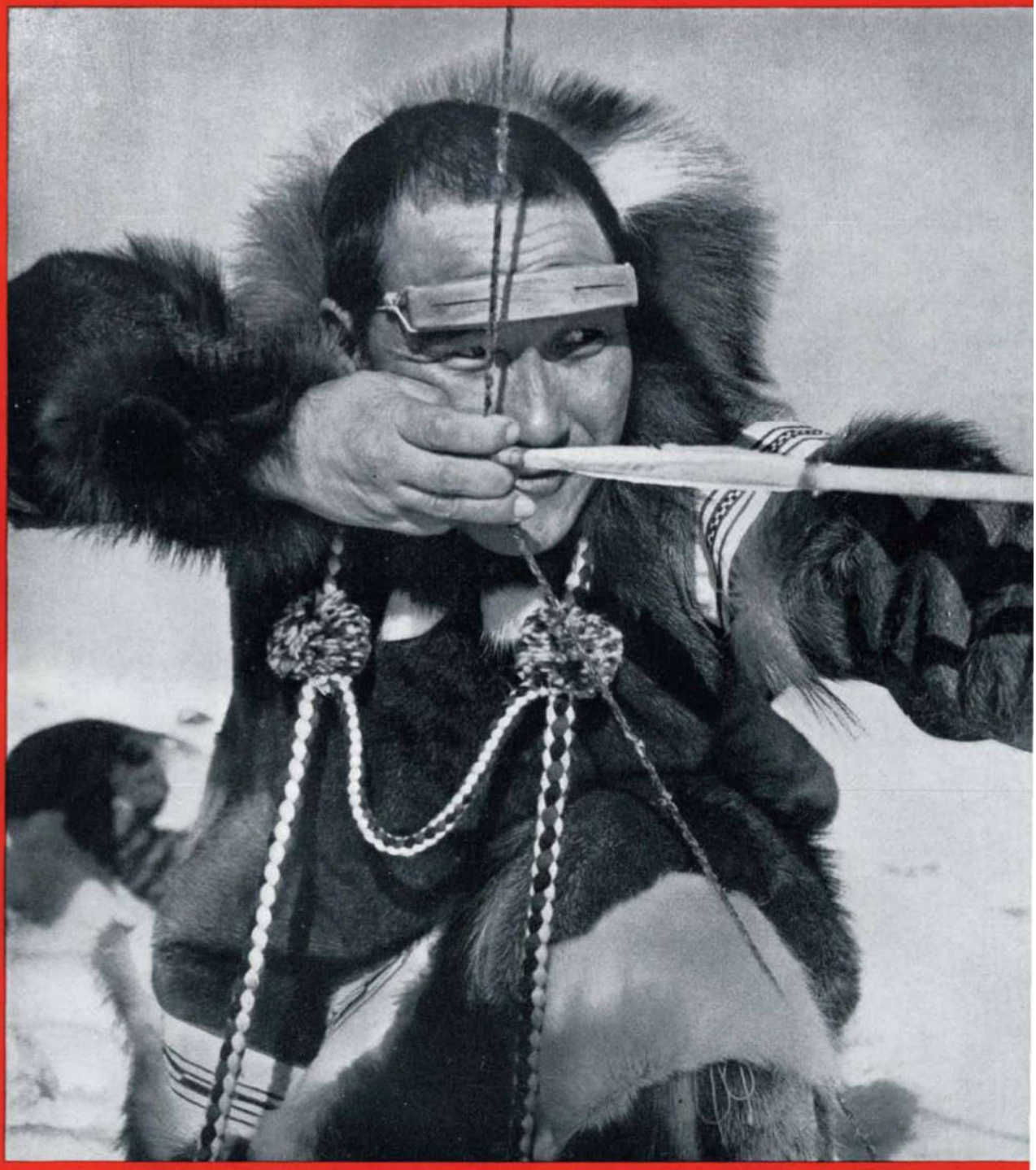
The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH



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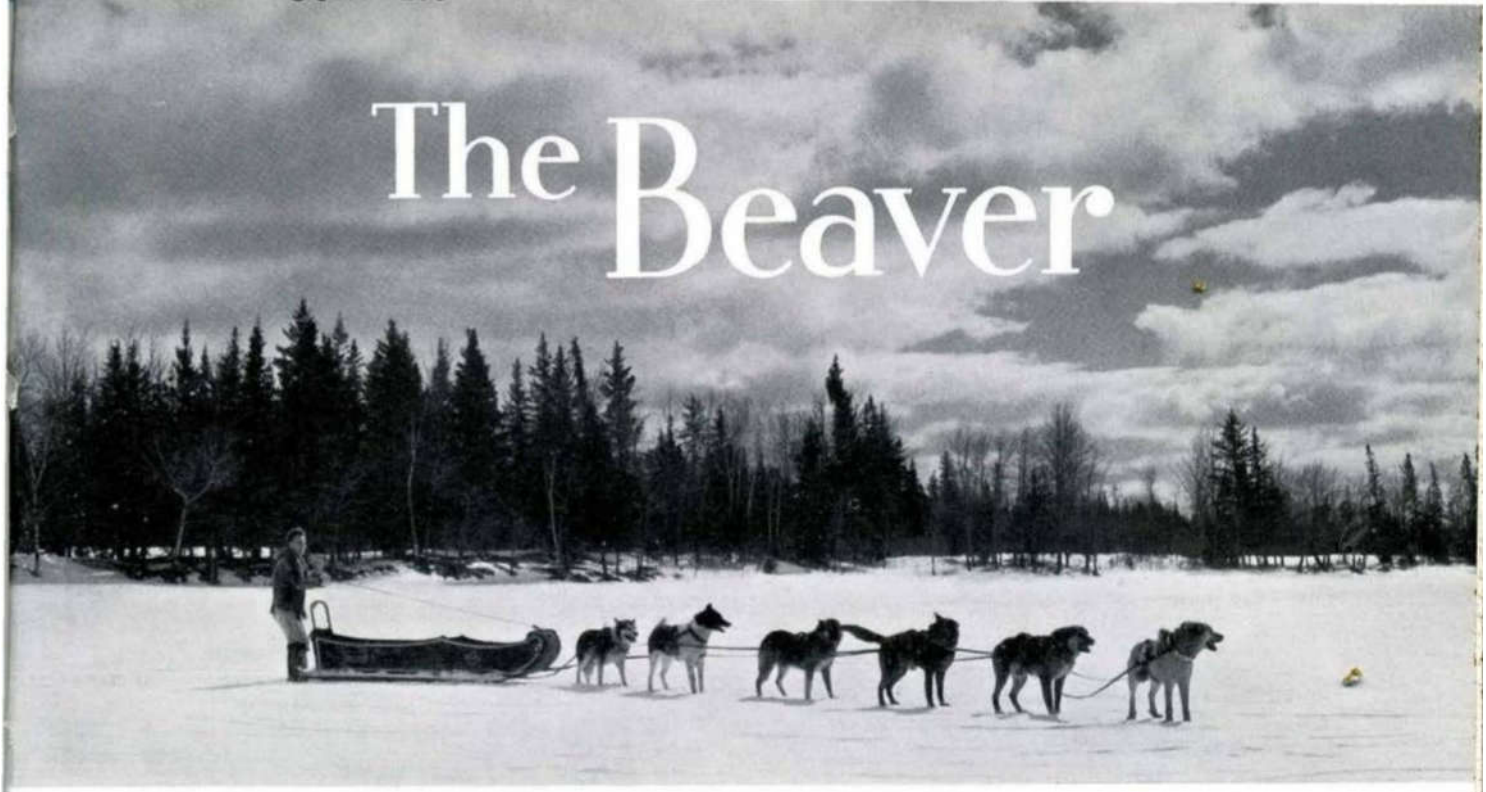
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

LORD TWEEDSMUIR

BY the death of John Buchan, first Baron Tweedsmuir of Elsfield, Canada has lost a Governor-General who, more than any other, was associated with the North. The peoples of the frontier will not soon forget the journey he made to the Arctic in 1937, for the interest he took in their lives and welfare left an abiding impression in their minds and hearts. Travelling by steamer down the Mackenzie, he stopped off at various historic Hudson's Bay posts until he reached Aklavik. From there he flew to Tuktuk, Great Bear Lake, Coronation Gulf, and Fort Rae; and he came back to Edmonton delighted with his visit and convinced of the North's great destiny.

His eldest son, John, who succeeds to the title, is also a man of the North. He joined this Company in 1937, and in 1938 sailed for Cape Dorset post, Baffin Island, where he remained for a year. While he was on furlough, the war broke out and he enlisted in the Canadian Active Service Force, with which he is now serving in England. To him, his numerous friends in the Company send their sympathy in a loss which is keenly felt throughout the Dominion.

The Beaver



R.C.M.P. dog carriole on Montreal Lake, Saskatchewan. Photo by J. Manweiler.

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THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company, in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged.

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Walrus Hunt

John G. Cormack is a young fur trader now on furlough from Baffin Island, who has a good lens on his camera and an eye for potential pictures. This issue of *The Beaver* has leaned heavily and gratefully on his achievements in this line for the purpose of illustrating various activities of the Eskimos. In connection with the shot of the walrus and the two dans, in Dr. Boyer's story, we couldn't quite understand what was happening, so we wrote to Mr. Cormack for an explanation. He came back with a full one, and it is so good that we give it here:

"The walrus in this picture is one of five who resented being disturbed, and who became so enraged that he set about destroying everything in sight. As the boat got alongside, three natives stood ready with poised spears, but instead of swimming calmly along, he suddenly made a wild rush at the boat, fixed his tusks inside over the forward rowlock socket, and started to slide astern, upsetting everyone so much that only one dart found its mark.

"Reaching the exhaust pipe, he fell back into the water, stuck his tusks through the boat for good measure, and then set about attacking the one bladder attached to him. The two bladders at the left are floating free while he tries to detach the third by dragging it under water with his tusks. The shaft of the spear bobs behind, and being still attached to the line, sinks almost out of sight every time the bladder is jabbed by his tusks."

We plan to publish more of Mr. Cormack's lively pictures in subsequent issues of *The Beaver*.

Blankets to Byrd

Admiral Byrd has again taken to the Antarctic an assortment of Hudson's Bay "Point" Blankets, to keep himself and his party warm in "the coldest spot on earth." With an eye for colour, he has chosen six each of the Scarlet, Green, Silver, and Camel—all 4-point size. For a product that is used from the Arctic Archipelago to Little America, what better slogan than "Standard for the World"?

Old Stuff

Douglas Leechman, of the National Museum in Ottawa, who contributed an article on Eskimo archaeology to our March 1935 issue, called in the other day to look at our historical collection. In a box of assorted bone and ivory implements collected by two of our post managers on Hudson Strait, several years ago, he discovered some valuable archaeological material of the Cape Dorset culture type.

The people of this culture extended from Ellesmere Island to Newfoundland. The deeper patination of their artifacts in some regions suggests that they preceded the Thule culture people of whom Mr. Gibson wrote in the last issue. Unlike the Thule Eskimos, they did not hunt the great whales, and all their weapons and other implements are small. Characteristic of their work are the slotted or reamed holes—as opposed to the drilled holes of other cultures—and arrow points with concave bases instead of with tangs.

Since 1930 no layman has been allowed to collect Eskimo archaeological material in Canada. The story to be read from prehistoric remains can be deciphered only by experts. Once they are disarranged by amateurs, their meaning is lost forever. Therefore the police and Company men in the Arctic are being asked to keep a strict watch over excavations, so that the answers to the riddles of Eskimo origin may some day be found.

Spring Packet

The heading at the top of this page represents an H B C express canoe carrying the spring packet of mail from Montreal to Fort Garry. James J. Hargrave in his *Red River* has the following to say of this annual voyage of some two thousand miles:

"The return of the packet from Montreal occurred at open water in the spring, when canoes manned by Iroquois tripmen came from Lachine, nine miles from Montreal, by way of the River Ottawa and Lake Superior. The starting of this brigade of canoes, surrounded as it was by circumstances of a wild and picturesque character, formed quite an event in the year at Montreal, from which city a crowd of those ever desirous of seeing something new invariably came to witness the start. It was to one of these events that Mr.

Moore, the celebrated poet, referred in that beautiful *Canadian Boat Song*, commencing: 'Faintly as tolls the evening chime—.'

"The arrival of the canoes at Red River after their long journey of about forty days, formed as agreeable a sight to the citizens of Assiniboia surrounded by their untrodden wastes, as the departure so famous in song had been to those in Montreal."

Until 1853, this was the only postal connection between Fort Garry and the East; but in that year a public mail service was organized, and once a month a courier plied between the fort and Fort Ripley in Minnesota, then the nearest post office in the United States. Four years later, a post office was established at Pembina, just below the international boundary. Captain Palliser, writing from the Company's Fort Pembina in July 1857, says that this post office "carries a mail, said to be a monthly one, from St. Paul's; but as the Postmaster is away at present, and left the place under care of an Indian woman, who speaks no other language but her own; consequently I cannot form very accurate ideas as to the safety of any letters committed to its care. Still however, I am induced to forward these by the assurance of an intelligent half-breed, who told me that the Post Office here is 'a very lucky one'."

Contributors

Of the contributors to this number, Dr. E. C. Boyer was one of the passengers on last year's *Nascopie* voyage. . . . Donald Denmark is in charge of the Cumberland House muskrat conservation project, on which the Company is spending some $70,000. . . . Richard Finnie, well known for his articles, photographs, movies, and lectures on the Canadian North, travelled about nine thousand miles last summer, securing a special sequence for his new documentary motion picture on the Mackenzie area. This film has since been purchased by the Dominion Government. He took two hundred and thirty-five "stills" at Fort Rae alone, some of which we publish on pages 10-13. . . . Angus Gavin, on furlough from the managership of Perry River post in the Central Arctic, is an invaluable source of information on the Eskimos of that region. . . . Morton L. Bennet is a Vancouver writer, contributor to *The Saturday Evening Post, Liberty, and Maclean's*. . . . "Kwee-enna" is the pen name of one of our fur-traders who knows the Eastern Arctic like the back of his hand, but prefers to hide his light under an igloo. . . . J. Manweiler is game management specialist of the Land Utilization Program, U.S. Soil Conservation Service, at Baudette, Minnesota. . . . Alice MacKay (Mrs. Douglas MacKay) is well known to readers of this magazine, which she so capably edited from March 1938 to September 1939. . . . D. A. Nichols, who has been north on the *Nascopie* several times, is physiographer and geologist with the Bureau of Geology and Topography in Ottawa. . . . Arthur P. Woollacott, author of *Mackenzie and His Voyageurs*, is past-president of the Vancouver branch of the Canadian Authors' Association, and has travelled and written extensively about Canada. His next trip may be a canoe voyage from New York to Nome.

Arctic Photographer

We are fortunate in being able to reproduce in this issue some of the excellent action shots taken in the Arctic by the Vicomte Gontran de Poncins, an adventurous young Frenchman whose home is a chateau in the Loire country, and who specializes in photography and ethnology. The two together, as is evident from our cover and the four studies of sealing, make a very happy combination.

Altogether the Vicomte spent about sixteen months in the North, as a representative of the *Societe Geographique*, during twelve of which he was in the Central Arctic. There he met Angus Gavin and William Gibson, managers of Perry River and King William Land posts, and they made the necessary arrangements for his travels among the neighbouring Eskimos ("neighbouring" being within a radius of two hundred miles).

He lived with the natives, subsisted on their frozen raw meat and fish (as a student of anthropology, he even tried their chief delicacy, caribou lice!), and succeeded in getting far enough away from the posts to meet some Eskimos who had never before seen a white man. The tangible results of his travels were more than three thousand pictures of Arctic life, and six cases of ethnological material for the Trocadero Museum in Paris.

As a fitting wind-up to his adventures, he made the trip south on a small motor boat from Coppermine to Vancouver, around Alaska. With a skeleton crew aboard, they met some terrific gales, and on one occasion, while half the crew was *hors de combat*, the Vicomte had to take the wheel for a stretch of sixteen hours. On the way they fell in with a fleet of whalers, and he managed to get a few hundred shots of modern whaling methods.

Some day, we hope, he will find the time to set down his experiences. As it was, when he passed through Winnipeg in October he was on his way to rejoin his regiment in France. Out of four thousand exposures, only fifteen hundred had been developed up to that time, and the enlargements made for our pictures were some of the first positives he had seen. In later issues we hope to publish some more of his striking studies of Eskimo life.

Just in case you're wondering about the background of the pictures on pages 28 to 31—it's the skin of a hair seal.

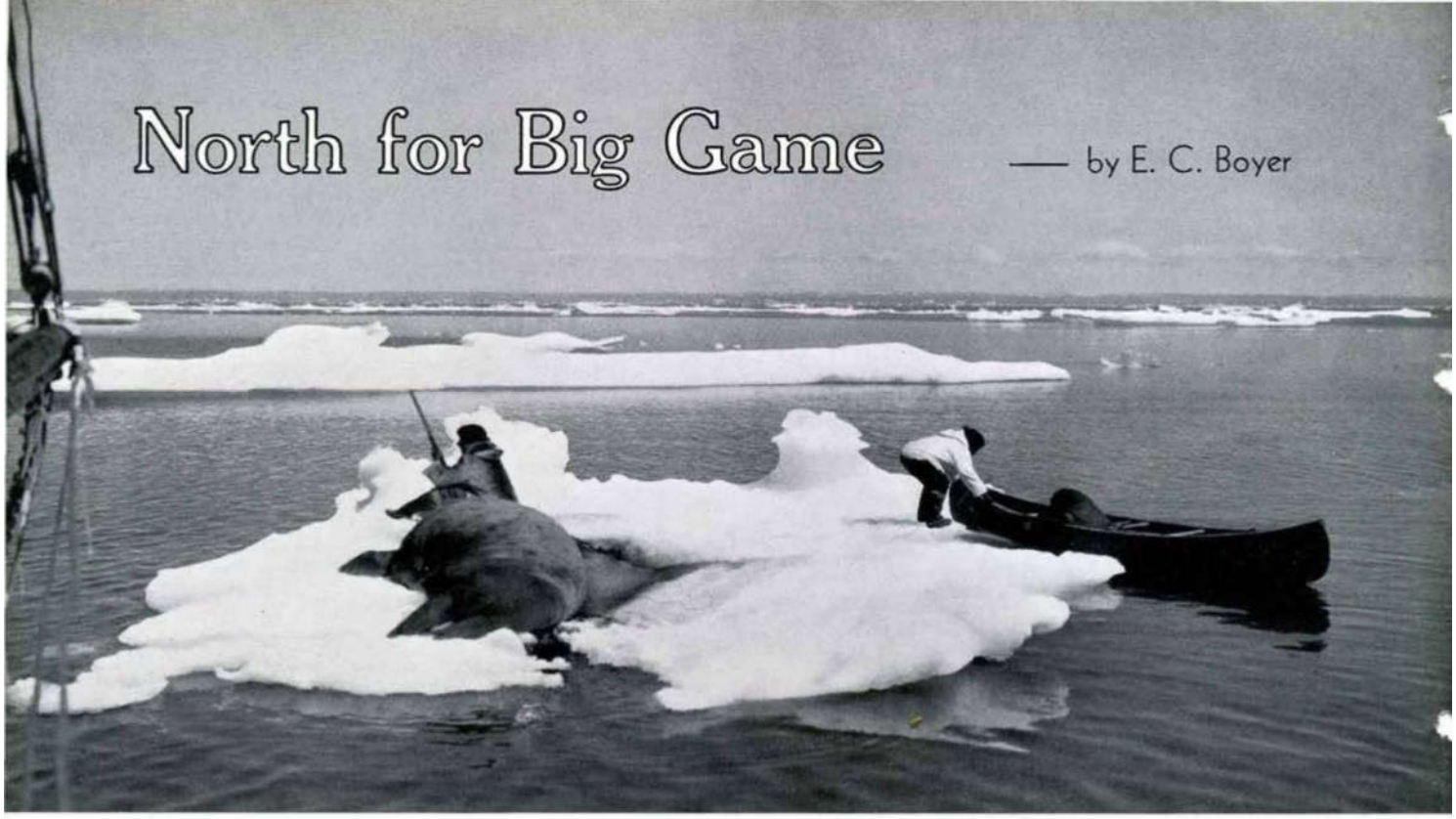
Set to Music

A musical friend has called our attention to the fact that this periodical has an operatic ancestor. Those familiar with Puccini's *La Boheme* will recall the scene where it appears: the poet Rudolph's roystering cronies are imploring him to join them on what might be termed a binge. He replies that he cannot come, as he simply must finish his article for a publication called *The Beaver*.

The musician Schaunard's reply is both witty and apt, and furnishes a classic precedent for an editor to quote when stories tend to overflow their typographical limits. "Taglia corta," sings Schaunard, "la coda al tuo Castor!" Which, being interpreted, means: "You must cut short *The Beaver's* tale!"

North for Big Game

— by E. C. Boyer



Eskimo hunters with a huge walrus they have killed. J. G. Cormack.

Dr. Boyer of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and his son went north on the "Nascopie" last year to secure for the museum of the Cambria County Schools some specimens of seal, walrus, and polar bear. The Company made the arrangements, and the doctor got his specimens.

ON the last day of August, when our Peterhead boat *Tattegak* had been fully provisioned with tea, coffee, canned goods, duffle, ammunition, harpoons, guns, and gasoline, supplied by Post Manager E. B. Maurice, we started from Southampton Island post in the direction of Bear Island, Native and Sea Horse Points. Our pilot was John Ell, and the rest of the crew consisted of Tommy Bruce and Joe Curly. Not long after we passed Bear Island, we spied some fifty yards ahead, in the trough of a wave, our first seal. Shooting from a rocking boat at a small head which doesn't look any bigger than a fist calls for speed and accuracy, and in the summer-time, when the seal are not fat and sink very readily, it takes clever manipulation of the boat among the floes to harpoon the animal before it disappears and bring it on board.

Nevertheless, that first day we got four seals—three jars and a square-flipper—all of which were shot by my son Ted.

On the morning of the third day, Tommy was the first to see the boiling water along a sandy beach where we caught sight of several walrus feeding on clams. They came up once or twice to blow, but although we steered straight for them, we didn't see them again.

That night we anchored in a rocky cove in Foxe Channel, and there we saw a rare and interesting sight. About two hundred yards from our boat, a huge Greenland whale appeared and blew a spout of vapour high into the air. He spouted several times, then began leaping about, clearing the water almost completely, ten or twelve times. He looked like a submarine gone mad. Each time he fell back, the splash appeared to drench the clouds.

I didn't understand this strange behaviour, and liked it much less. But I was soon told by the natives that it had something to do with Sedla, the Goddess of the Sea. I longed to know more about this and began asking questions. Why does he jump like that? Is he feeding or playing? And so on. I was informed that he jumped most likely because he wanted to jump, but I can readily believe that setting-up exercises are as good for whales as they are for anyone else.

At two o'clock the next morning, in bright daylight, we followed an open lead from the cove out into Foxe Channel. Fifteen or twenty miles off shore, John spied a large herd of walrus, probably sixty, some lying on the ice, others splashing around in the water, bobbing up and down, flapping and blowing. John instructed us as to the method of attack—what we should not do, what we should do, and what part of the boat we should do it from. He said he would run the boat right into the herd and try to get them away from the ice and break them up.

This procedure was followed, and sure enough we broke the herd, so that three large bulls were presently swimming some fifty or seventy-five yards ahead of us. They were seemingly very nervous and excited, making the water about them constantly churn and boil.

The *Tattegak* made after them, and when we were near enough John, who was poised ready on the bows, hurled his harpoon. The rawhide line uncoiled, and the barbed head of the harpoon sank deep into the leathery hide—a perfect hit. But the wounded monster, thinking he had been attacked by one of the other bulls, set upon his supposed adversary, and a battle royal ensued.

His struggles were so violent that an ordinary spear would have been snapped in two; but the Eskimo's harpoon is so constructed that it breaks down into three sections. The wooden shaft with its ivory foreshaft came free and floated in the water, but the head on the end of the twenty-foot line remained embedded in the bull's body. On the other end of the line was a float made of an inflated seal skin, and this was thrown overboard, thus acting as a drag and preventing the walrus from getting away.

Now that he was harpooned, and could be retrieved with the line if he sank, it was safe to shoot. Bullets bounced off his head like water off a duck's back, so the only thing to do was to break his spine. A well directed shot soon ended his struggles, and the huge bull lay still and began to sink.

We steered for the float or "dan" and picked it up, and by hauling on the line, soon brought the walrus to the surface. Then, with the carcass in tow, we headed for shallower waters. Here the Eskimos got into the auxiliary canoe, and in the choppy waves, with their long knives cut out every bit of useful meat, hide, and so forth, throwing it all back into the *Tattegak*. We now had as our cargo the remains of eight or ten seal besides the walrus, and from time to time were obliged to step from one end of the boat to the other through this slippery mass of flesh.

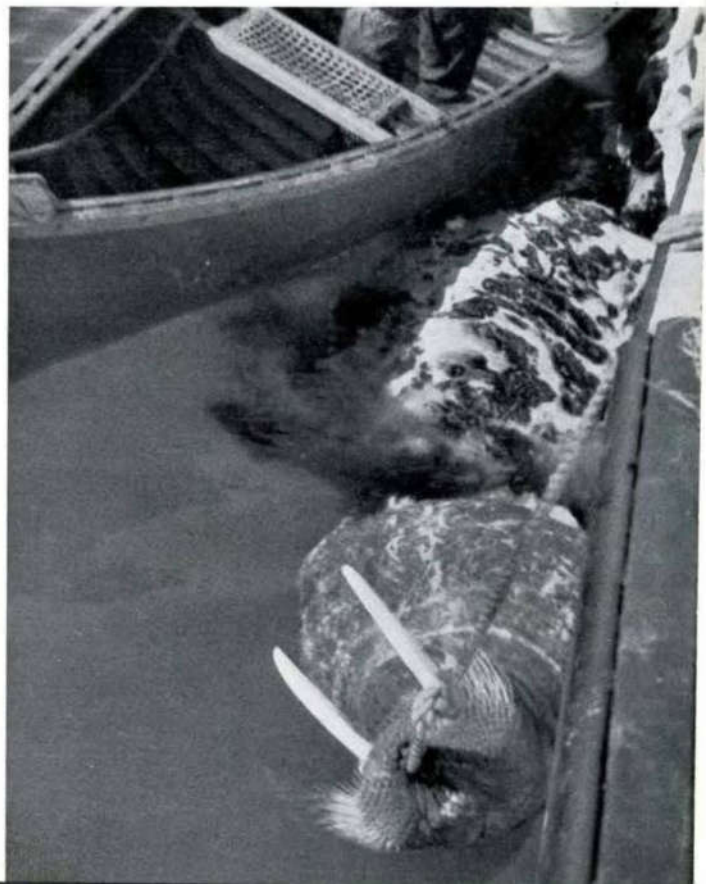
The next morning, Tommy Bruce was at the wheel, zigzagging in and out among the ice floes, when suddenly he yelled: "*Nanook! Nanook!*" I picked up my rifle and looked in the direction he was pointing, but could see nothing resembling a bear. As we approached, however, I saw a spot which looked like gray ice some thirty feet above the water. I could now see the bear's golden head in the slanting sunlight and his mane ruffling in the polar breeze.

He was apparently asleep, because he paid little or no attention to us. His posture, as near as I can describe it, was that of a husky dog lying in a snow bank. Our shooting at a seal just a few minutes previous, and not a great distance away, had not disturbed him in the least. This I can readily understand, as there was plenty of noise from time to time as the icebergs turned and rolled, and large pieces of ice broke off and plunged into the sea.

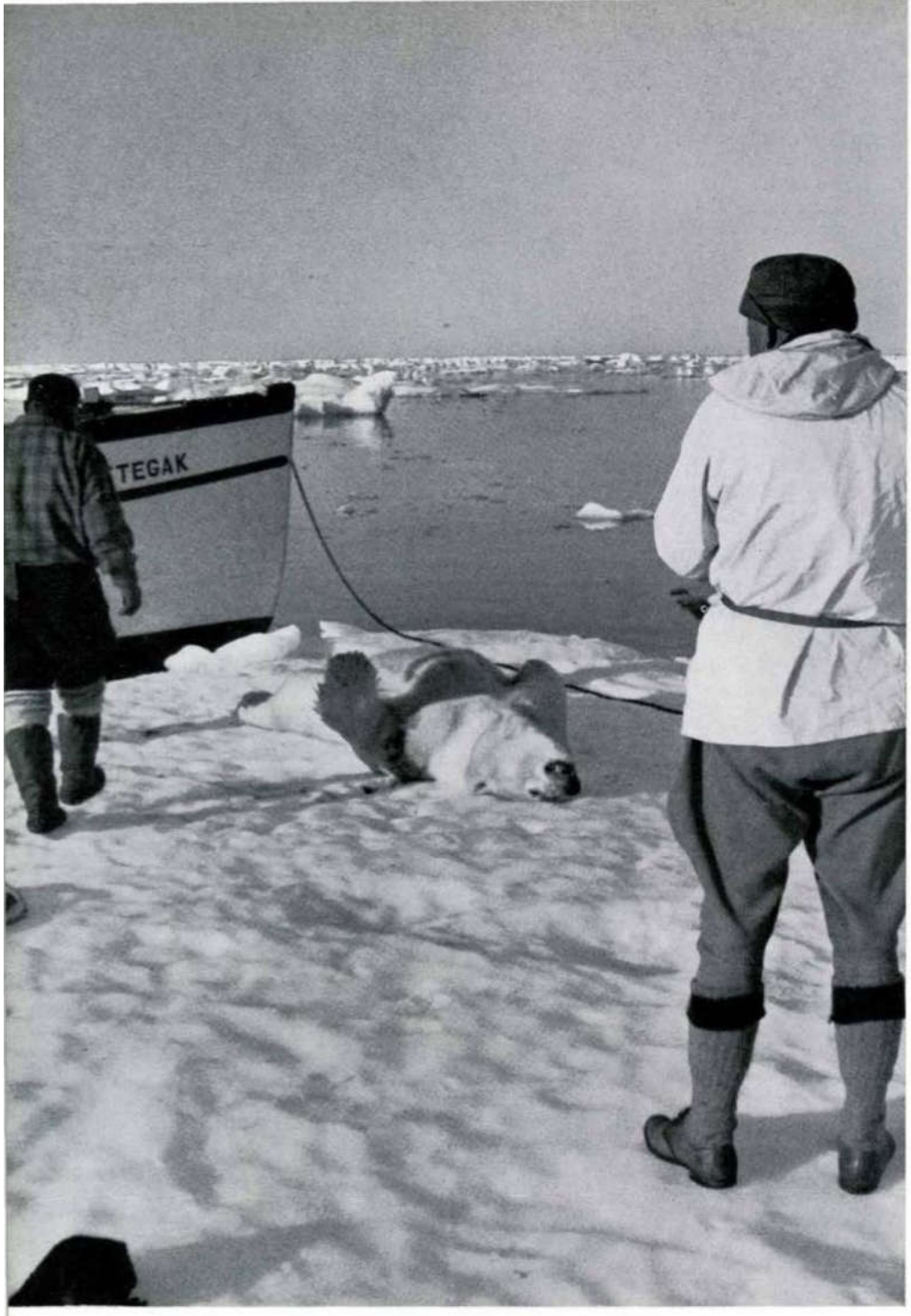
We were now seventy-five to one hundred yards away from the bear. What a superb indifference he displayed. As we came bumping between the ice floes, he suddenly heard a noise that attracted his attention. Was it the chuck of the motor or the grinding of the ice? However, he waked out of his peaceful sleep, got on his haunches and stood on his front feet, dog fashion, looking directly into the muzzle of my gun. As he shook his head slowly but defiantly at us, I pulled the trigger and shot him directly in the breast, between his two massive shoulders. It was a perfect shot and a mortal wound. Down over the ice, from his ledge, into the icy water he slid with a loud groan. He sank, he rose, he sank again, and when he came up the second time he was trying his utmost to crawl out on a flat floe, but his shoulders were helpless. He was very

With lines coiled and harpoons ready, two Eskimo hunters approach a pair of walrus. J. G. Cormack.

A harpooned walrus nearly submerged, with two "dans" attached to spears that missed their mark. J. G. Cormack.



Dr. Boyer's walrus anchored beside the "Tattegak."



The author with his polar bear. John Ell on the left.

weak. I gave him a second, third and final shot, and ended his misery. He was now floating in the icy water and our boat had drifted past the scene of activity so far that we were obliged to go around into another lead to be able to get in and try to drag him to a convenient place to skin him out.

After a lot of manoeuvring among the ice (I surely thought he would sink before we would get close enough, but he didn't), Tommy threw a rope around his neck, attached it to the rear of the boat and we dragged him to a large flat floe where, with an improvised hitch made out of ropes and pulleys and the boat's anchor, we succeeded in pulling this nine-hundred-pound polar monster onto the ice.

We were quite a distance from shore and were drifting among the floes. The Eskimos had selected a large floe which seemed quite safe, although you could feel it move as the water splashed under and around the edges. They now proceeded, with their long knives, to skin him out, and this with extraordinary skill. It was just a few moments until they had the skin completely off and then the bear cut into pieces. Every bit, including the intestinal viscera and its contents, were taken on board our boat, which now contained up to this time carcasses of the walrus and many seal.

Ted and I were constantly taking movies and "stills" at intervals, while the Eskimos were working on the cadaver. I stood at a safe distance from the

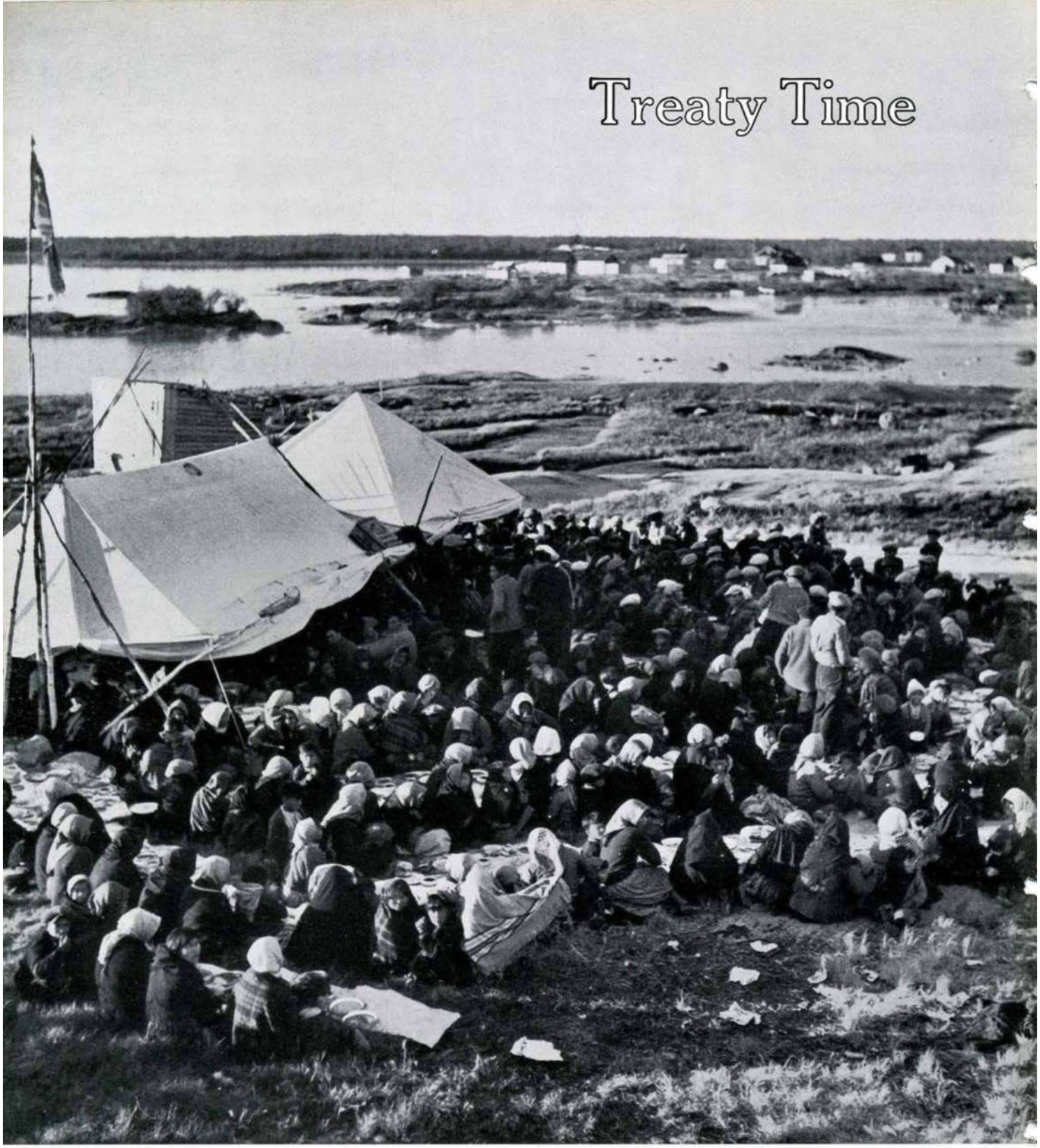
Pegging out a bear skin in the sun.
J. G. Cormack.

edge of the floe, when suddenly, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, there emerged the head of a large bull walrus with long white tusks, large stubby whiskers and a face ugly enough to scare the devil himself. He bellowed at us so loudly that the Eskimos yelled with fear. As for myself, there I stood with the prettiest case of malignant *frigiditis desperatum*, "buck fever," or call it what you will. I was frozen stiff as it was, and here I failed to take the best and most unusual shot of the entire trip. All this happened within the twinkling of an eye. Then he turned one grand big somersault and disappeared into the depths beneath, rocking the very ice upon which we were standing.

Back at Southampton Island post, the local natives and our crew set to work scraping all the remaining fat and meat from the various hides. This they did with amazing skill. When they had finished, the skins were absolutely free of any tissues or fat. Even the walrus whiskers, which look very much like celluloid, were individually cleaned. Everything was then nailed up in boxes, and made ready for our long journey home.

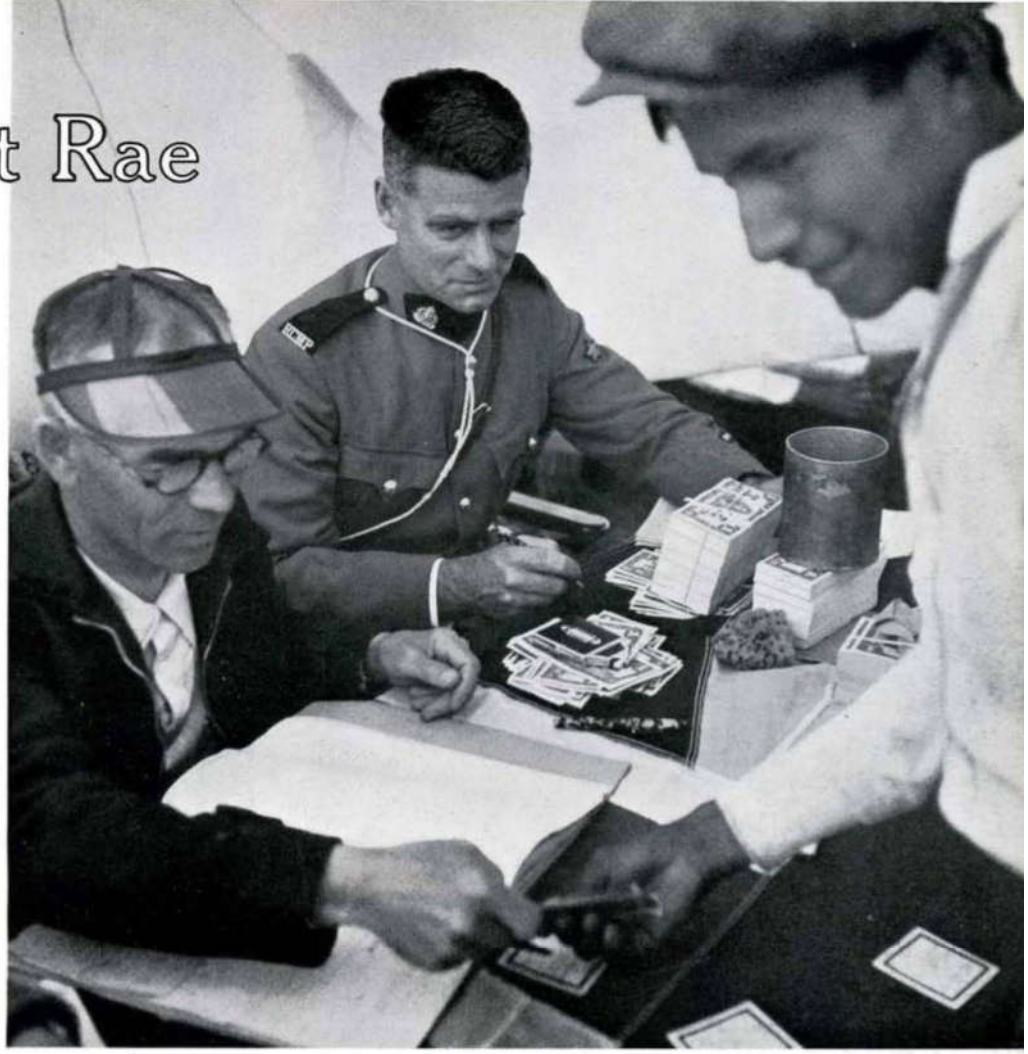
Tommy Bruce, John Ell, and Joe Curly hold up the eleven-foot skin of the author's polar bear.

Treaty Time



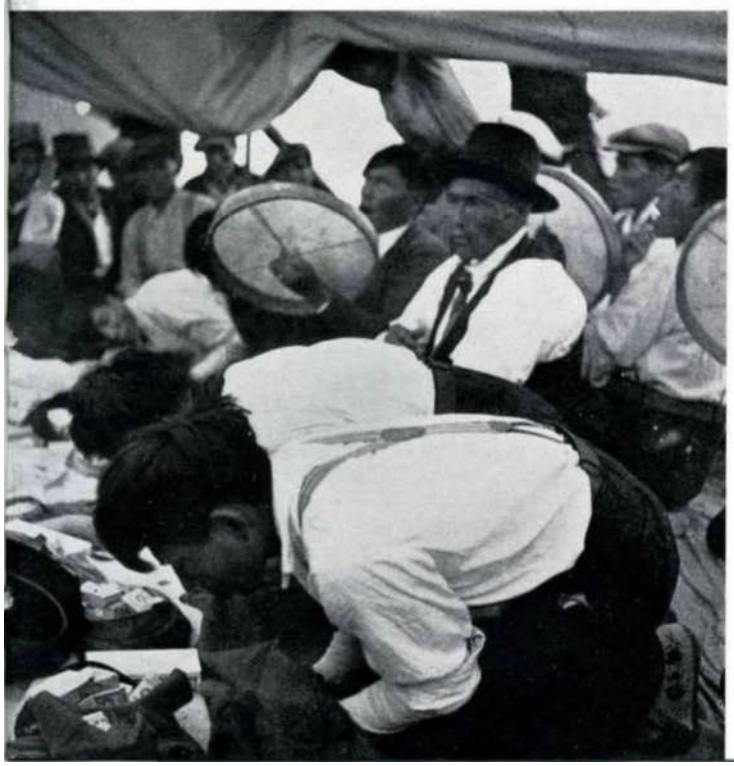
Part of the crowd of nearly 700 Dogribs who gathered at Fort Rae for the Treaty feast. Since his hunters have faithfully paid their debts, the post manager contributes supplies, and inside the tents the Indian dignitaries thank him with flowery speeches.

at Fort Rae



A smiling Indian receives his identity card and his five crisp, one-dollar bills, counted out by Constable Carter of the R.C.M.P. and handed to him by Dr. Riopel, the Indian agent. Chiefs get $20 extra, and sub-chiefs $10. Last summer 677 Indians at Fort Rae received $3,645.

Gambling among the Indians may sometimes involve stakes ranging from rat skins to wives, but here they are merely matches. Each player holds a token, and, while the drummers chant and pound their tom-toms, he passes it from one hand to the other beneath the cloth. The player opposite him must guess which hand holds the token or pay a forfeit. Chief Bruneau (with hat) squats in the centre.



Pictures and story by
Richard Finnie

AS long as the sun shines and the rivers flow, each man, woman and child will receive an annual bounty of five dollars. . . ." With such phraseology did agents of the Federal Government make treaties with most of the Indian bands throughout the North West Territories, the last of which was signed in 1921, to compensate them for the invasion of their land by the ubiquitous white man. The money was to be a sort of interest, to be paid in perpetuity. Further benefits were to be bestowed upon them; they would be permitted to continue to hunt and trap everywhere without restrictions other than those imposed to conserve the game; they and their children would be given free schooling, medical aid and hospitalization.

Treaty Time has become an institution like Christmas. Five dollars does not buy much in the North, but the claiming of it provides an excuse for the Indians to foregather each summer, present their grievances—real or fancied—to an accredited representative of the Great White Father, and to enjoy social diversions.

Mackenzie District Indians are all of Athapaskan stock and divided into seven main tribes differing in language and customs, occupying separate areas:

Before the treaty money is paid, Dr. Riopel listens with patience to a long speech by Chief Bruneau (with pipe). Sub-chiefs and councillors interject remarks.

Chipewyan, Yellowknife, Slave, Hare, Nahanni, Kutchin or Loucheux, and Dogrib. The Dogribs are so called because of a legendary canine origin. Numbering about 750, they roam the vast wilderness between Great Slave Lake and Great Bear Lake. By the first of June they have begun to straggle into Fort Rae, and there they remain until the Indian Agent has come and gone around the beginning of July.

Fort Rae was named for the distinguished H B C Arctic explorer, Chief Factor Dr. John Rae. It is one of the most historic of Mackenzie District forts, but the present settlement, on Marian Lake at the tip of Great Slave Lake's north arm, is nearly twenty miles from the original site. It is spread over several small rocky islands connected by bridges, and has been jocularly dubbed "The Venice of the North." Not more than a dozen white people, including several women, live there, but the settlement boasts a Roman Catholic mission with a hospital, an R.C.M.P. post, and two trading posts.

When treaty time comes, the Indian agent, Dr. J. H. Riopel, sets out from his headquarters at Fort Resolution, and in a small schooner travels around the lake (which is as long as Lake Michigan), supervising the health of the natives, hearing their grievances, acting as magistrate, and paying them their annual treaty money.

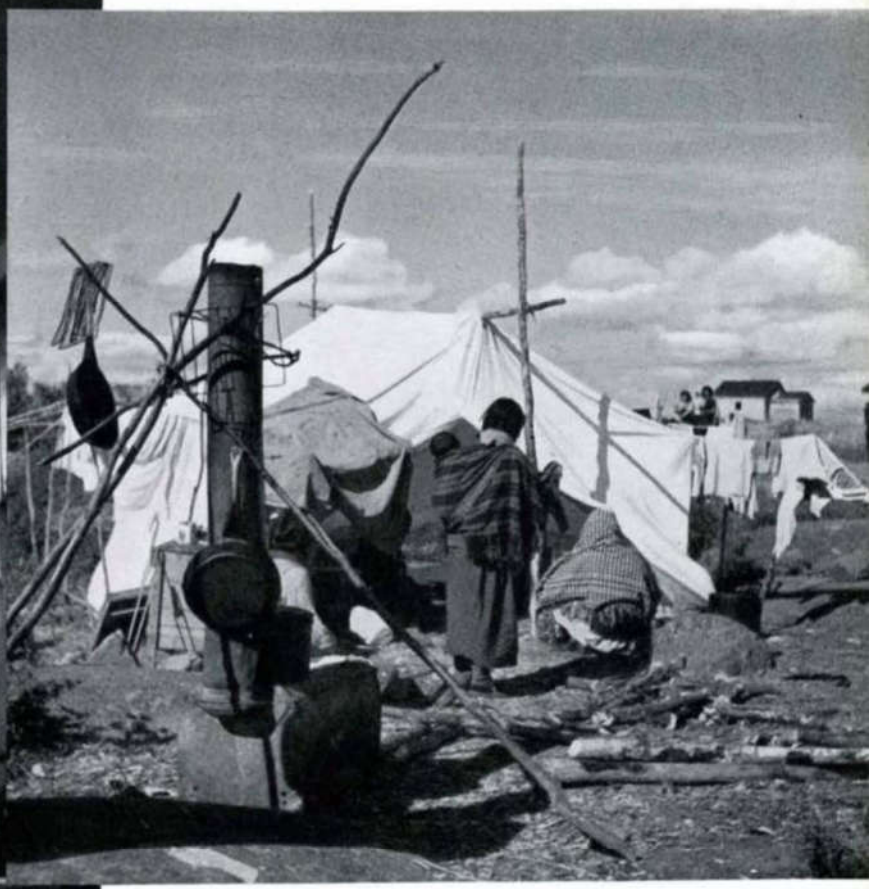
Constable Carter affixes the seal of the North West Territories Administration to each bale of musquash skins while Post Manager Dodman and Apprentice Nunn stand by. MKR stands for Mackenzie River.

In addition to cash payments, the Indians are allotted rations of flour, bacon, tea, tobacco, cartridges, shot-shells, and gilling and backing twine; while destitute widows receive monthly supplies of tallow, baking powder, matches, flour, tea, and tobacco. At treaty time, too, each old widow is given a blanket and some mending wool.

After the treaty feast, a marathon dance begins, in which everyone joins, shuffling clockwise in a circle and chanting, until the church bell rings for early morning mass. At last, when their treaty money is all gone, they strike camp and pack their meagre belongings into their canvas-covered canoes, most of which are equipped with outboard motors (run on gasoline at eighty cents a gallon).

When the last of them has headed northward towards their hunting grounds, Fort Rae lies almost deserted until the fall.

Sunday comes, and Father Nicolas Laperriere, who has spent twenty-seven years at Fort Rae, preaches to the Dogribs in their own tongue, but with eloquent Gallic gestures. During treaty time, mass is celebrated twice a day on week-days, three times on Sundays.



Tents and stoves—modern counterparts of the deerskin lodge and campfire—are taken down preparatory to the long trip north.

Farewell to Fort Rae. The H B C post buildings can be seen between the struts of the 'plane.

CARIBOU TO MINNESOTA

Forests near Montreal Lake, Saskatchewan, where the caribou were captured for the Minnesota preserve. R.C.A.F. Photo.

by J. Manweiler
U.S. Soil Conservation Service

THE history of the woodland caribou, beautiful and valuable member of the deer family, is one of constant numerical decline since the beginning of the twentieth century. Large numbers formerly ranged in northern Maine and northern Minnesota, as well as in Canada from Nova Scotia to Alberta, but in Minnesota they appear to have become restricted to the "big bog" region north of Red Lake where the Red Lake Wildlife Refuge was established in 1932, primarily for the protection of these animals. Caribou in former years migrated freely between American and Canadian territory in the vicinity of Lake of the Woods. With the advent of settlement of the fertile lands bordering that lake and the Rainy River, the animals became separated from Canadian haunts and were virtually trapped in the huge bog area which, however, with proper protection, appears to be an excellent range for them.

There are several reasons for the decline of caribou, foremost of which were the inroads of lumbering concerns, trappers, and homesteaders, and the drainage of most of the bog in the belief that it could be converted to agricultural use. Drainage and the resultant fires temporarily restricted the suitable range and forced the animals to live in a smaller area than they normally used to do. Predation and poaching, too, were factors that helped reduce the numbers of caribou. The Minnesota herd decreased from thirty-three animals in 1912 to thirteen in 1928, five in 1935 and three in 1937, with no males left, thereby removing the possibility of natural increase.

Foremost of conservationists to appreciate the threatened disappearance of the woodland caribou was W. T. Cox, formerly conservation commissioner and state forester of Minnesota and now assistant regional biologist in the north central states of the Soil Conservation Service, United States Department of Agriculture. As he noted the caribou's decline, he persisted in efforts to save the species from extermination in the United States. It was not until the winter of 1937-1938 that he succeeded in having funds made available and in obtaining a permit to capture ten of the animals in Canada and bring them to northern Minnesota to add to the little band there.

For some time Mr. Cox had been in touch with Dominion authorities, with a number of Canadian provinces, and with officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. All of these agencies were interested and offered their help in the undertaking. It developed that only in Saskatchewan were the caribou to be found in sufficient numbers to justify the issuance of a permit to trap and export any of the animals.

With a view to restocking the "big bog," a study was proposed to learn the range requirements and general habits of the caribou. A further preliminary step and corrective measure to aid in restocking was

The author with a one-month caribou weighing 22 pounds, before shipment to the States; and with calves in their new fly-proof home at Baudette, Minnesota, spring 1938.

made by raising the water table in much of the drained area by a system of ditch dams to eliminate the fire hazard and restore some of the bog flora.

The habits of this species of caribou are such that the animals do not become adapted readily to captivity or to artificial propagation. Their foods are peculiar—different from those of other large woodland animals—and this fact precludes the possibility of keeping them long in an artificial environment. Although attempts have been made to retain them in captivity in some of the larger parks, success for more than six months has heretofore never been achieved.

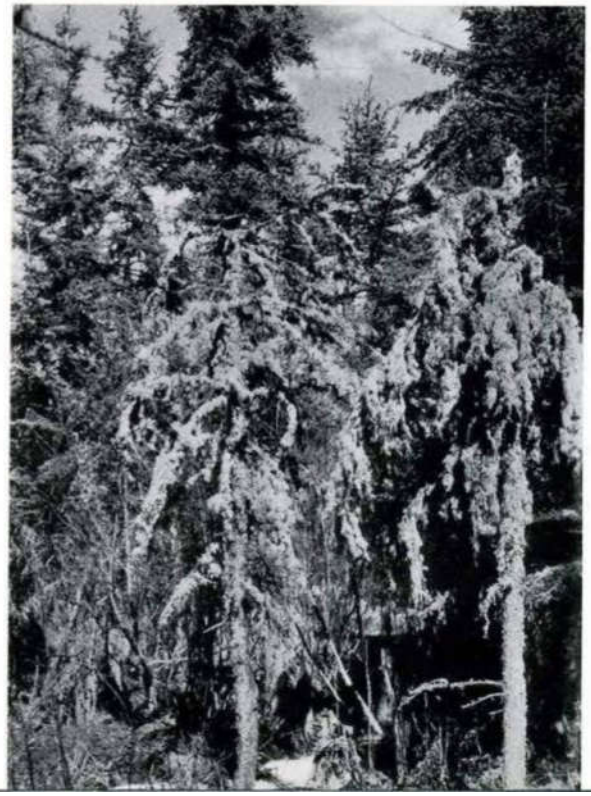
It was the author's privilege to conduct the study of caribou food habits and to supervise the capture and delivery of the animals. Between March 16 and May 16, 1938, two separate trips were made to the Company's Montreal Lake post, north of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. Upon arrival at the post every convenience was placed at his disposal and no effort was spared by the post manager, Cecil J. Lockhart-Smith, to get field activities started. Meetings were arranged with the Indian chief, his councillors, and those trappers who were known to be reliable, to induce them to trap caribou. The first attempts met with little success because it was common belief that the adult animals could not be taken without injury.

After arrangements were made to supply grubstakes, the first trapping party equipped with dog teams, camp equipment, rope snares, and a week's supply of food, established headquarters on the north shore of Montreal Lake about thirty-five miles from the post. During the first week no evidence of caribou was discovered. Their disappearance was explained by the facts that extensive fires throughout the preceding summer had caused the animals to avoid usual haunts, that heavy inroads of timber wolves tended to drive them from the country, and that the mild winter was not conducive to mass migration and concentration.

The failure to discover any signs of caribou was disheartening and increased the difficulty of getting out additional trapping parties. Other localities were then visited where indications of the presence of caribou were discovered. Snares were provided to new trappers, and attempts were made to capture animals. After two of the first trappers returned, having taken two caribou in snares, more trappers became interested in the work. Although the first three animals that were snared escaped, a spirit of optimism developed which, with the assistance of the post manager, was carried through to the end of operations. It was still necessary to supply rations and rope to all field parties.

By this time nearly forty men were in the field, each having approximately fifty snares to watch. Letters were sent to factors, postmasters, provincial and national park game wardens, and dependable trappers within a radius of two hundred miles, in an attempt to broaden the field of activities. Fred Mitchell, post manager at Green Lake, was able to induce several trappers to attempt to take animals. Trapping activities centered for the most part around Montreal Lake, Green Lake, Little Bear Lake, Smeaton, Fox Ford, Big River, Paddockwood, Bittern Lake, Emma Lake, Tweedsmuir, East Trout Lake, Candle Lake, Popple Point, Thunder Mountain, Sandy Lake and Swearing Bay. Operations at these points were directed from Montreal Lake post, which location, with Green Lake, proved most successful.

Caribou food. Old Man's Beard moss near Montreal Lake post.



By late summer of 1938, the calves had developed considerably.

This 350-pound adult bull gave plenty of trouble when captured.

The most successful method of capture was by snares made of rope sufficiently strong to hold the animals and so constructed that they would not be strangled. Several snares were set using the ordinary clothes-line type of rope which was saturated with mucilage. The first animal taken developed an unaccountable fondness for the mucilage and nibbled the rope until free.

The snares were set over the trails most used and were fastened to flexible green tamarack or aspen to prevent injury to the animals. If the snares were not carefully camouflaged and the smell of the rope lessened by boiling it in a mixture of spruce and cedar boughs and then coating it with paraffin, the animals would approach to within a few feet of the snare and then, even though on the run, turn out abruptly and go around the snare. It was necessary to change location of sets several times during the period of trapping to meet changing snow and water conditions in the peat bogs and on the highland.

Eighteen adult caribou were taken in snares. Three of them were released through misunderstanding of sexes desired and through fear of the enraged animals on the part of the trappers; eleven escaped, and four were brought to Montreal Lake headquarters. It is hard to realize the difficulties encountered in attempting to take a wild animal of this type, alive and unhurt, in the swamp timber unless one has actually made the attempt.

Two casualties occurred to the animals, one when the trapper's dogs preceded him to a snare and injured the captive animal beyond hope of recovery. The second casualty was directly traceable to improper handling of a two-year-old cow. Although the animal struggled continually, it was finally tied upon a hand-constructed litter and transported eleven miles to the post. Its legs were kept fastened for approximately thirty-six hours, resulting in partial paralysis and death of the embryo calf. The animal was treated by the author and a veterinarian over a two-weeks period, but to no avail. A third accident of minor nature was that of injury to a foreleg of a yearling bull. Since these were the first three animals taken, the outlook was very depressing. However, by persistent effort ten animals, of which eight were calves, were finally secured and transported to Baudette, Minnesota.

The largest animal, a male, weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds. He was transported from the bush by means of dog team and travois. This animal was tied loosely and placed on one side of the travois with legs extended and fastened securely by means of a soft rope. His head, too, was tied down to prevent injury. Care had to be exercised to prevent rope burns. These burns were particularly difficult to heal, in one instance resulting in the serious infection of the foot and tendon sheath of the adult caribou several months after the actual injury.

At Montreal Lake this caribou was placed in a large crate constructed for that purpose and within a few hours was induced to eat mosses and lichens. During the first night the animal attempted to escape by lunging against the top of the crate. After this attempt he quieted down and gave little trouble during the remainder of his captivity. The crate was sufficiently large to permit the animal to lie down at will and even to turn around, because observations indicated that at least one-half the time of the animal in the wild is spent lying down. All of the animals were transported by truck from Montreal Lake to Prince Albert, by express to Baudette, then by government truck thirty-five miles to Ludlow Island near the point of release.

The large male, upon arriving at Ludlow Island, was placed in a pen and appeared to become reconciled to his surroundings, but could never be approached closely with safety. After six months of captivity to assure that he was in healthy condition, he was transported by caterpillar tractor through twelve miles of bog and released on August 19, 1938, within an enclosure covering four square miles of bog land and constructed of seven-strand barbed wire fence seven feet high. He was allowed to range under observation until the first part of October, at which time he was liberated to join the three native cows that were in the immediate vicinity. The last sign of this animal was noted in February, 1939, nearly a year from the date of capture, still ranging with the native cows. It is anticipated that additions to the native herd will be made this spring.

Of the eight calves brought to Minnesota, one died shortly after arrival, but the others are doing well in captivity. Each of the calves weighed approximately twenty-two pounds when captured, and they now average approximately two hundred pounds. They have received the best of care, as evidenced by their rapid growth and fine condition, and they should get along well when released in the wilds.

When first taken the calves appeared docile. This was especially apparent during the feeding period when each received its portion of milk. The feeding schedule varied from two-hour intervals in the beginning to three-hour, four-hour and longer intervals, and at last to only twice per day. After the animals attained the age of six months, their attitude toward the caretaker and visitors changed perceptibly. They could no longer be approached with safety because of a tendency to rise on their hindfeet and strike savagely with the forefeet. One animal escaped while still young, and required several men and many hours for its recapture. Throughout their captivity the animals have exhibited a high degree of curiosity. Anything unusual attracts their attention and holds it for a considerable time. During sub-zero weather, and even during blizzard conditions, they ignored shelters placed for them, preferring to sleep in the open on a ridge of snow.

The presence of dogs causes them to stand facing the direction of the intruder with every indication of protecting their interests. A resident house cat, however, does not excite more than the usual curiosity and they often follow it through the enclosure in single file. An unknown source of danger such as an owl flying over them caused them to stand in a circle facing outward.

The calves are now almost as large as the young male, even though he is a year older. Their chief foods consist of mosses (of which many truck loads were stored for winter), lichens, oatmeal, milk and succulent plants. The seven animals consume almost a case of milk per day and refuse hay or other plant materials that are foreign to them in their natural habitat. They are given minerals regularly, which accounts, in part, for their rapid growth. Their senses of taste and smell are very acute. It is impossible to get them to take any brand of milk other than that first fed, to which they have become accustomed. Even the addition of one tablespoonful of a different brand to a cup of milk is sufficient to cause refusal.

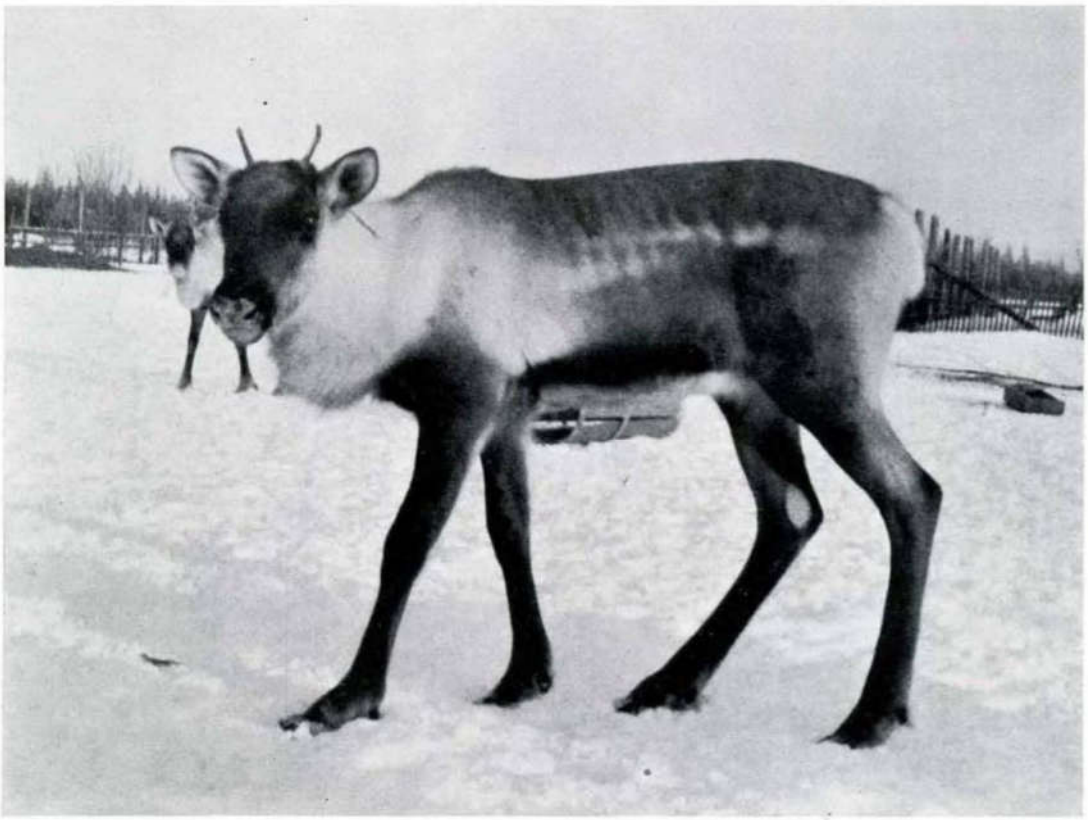
The animals will be kept in their present enclosure, guarded by watchmen and protected by electrified fences, and will be transferred to a larger pasture next fall for the breeding season. From there they will be liberated, at almost two years of age, and it is hoped they will join the other four woodland caribou.

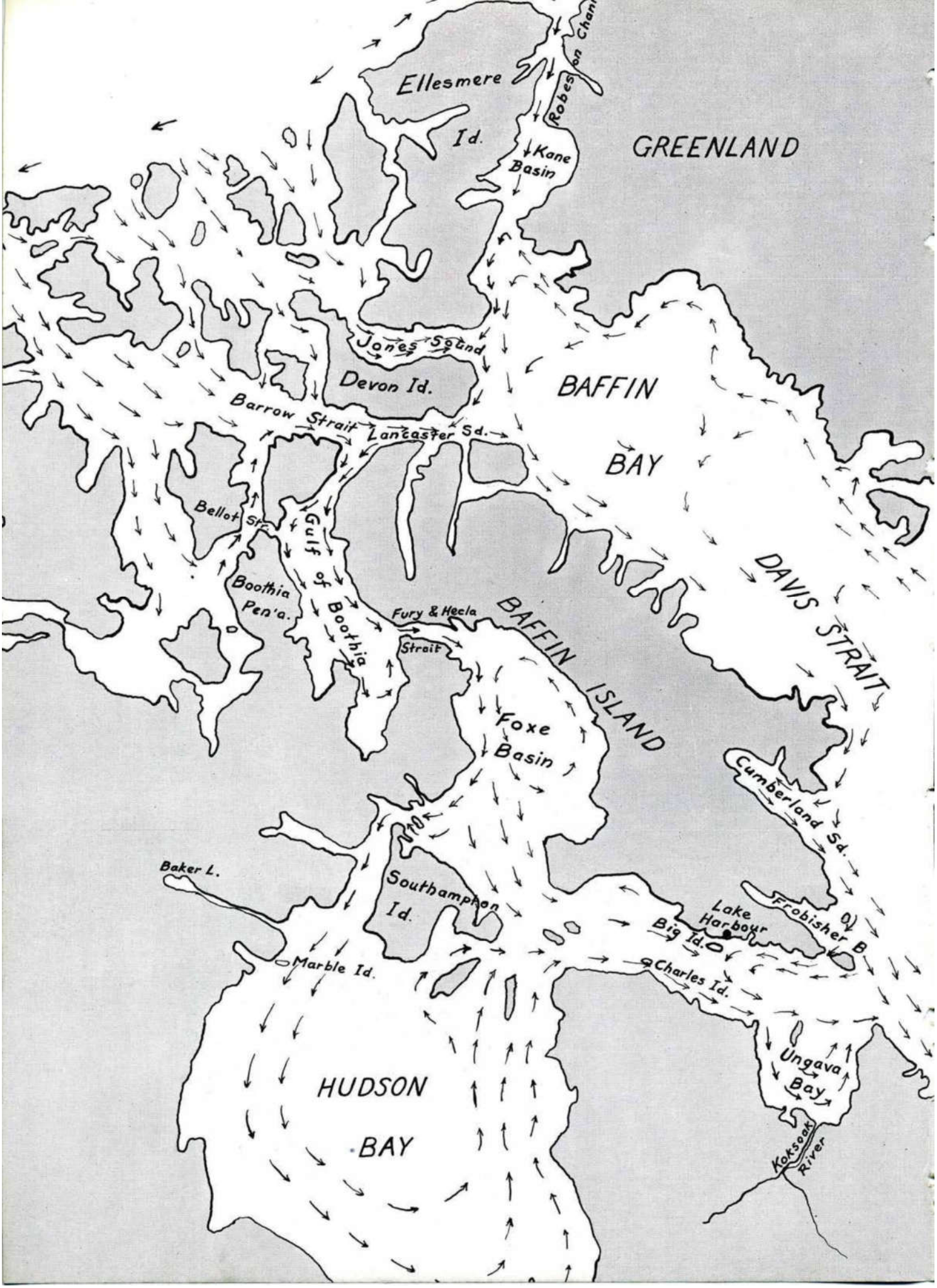
So far the venture has been successful, although the degree of success cannot be definitely stated until one or two seasons in the wild have proved that the caribou will reproduce under existing conditions.

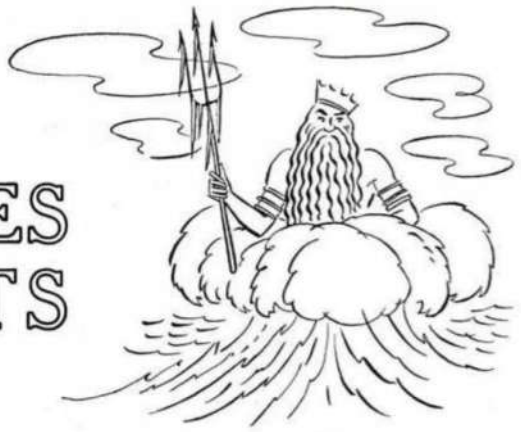
Without the co-operation of the Hudson's Bay Company and the province of Saskatchewan, this unusual achievement in wildlife management would not have been possible.

It is impossible to describe in one article the experiences and difficulties encountered in replenishing woodland caribou. The endless hours of work in caring for the animals, in harvesting natural food for use during captivity, and in giving them proper treatment and winter protection cannot be adequately covered. Suffice it to say that an unusual experiment in the history of game management has been undertaken, and those associated with it are hopeful that the complete disappearance from the United States of a valuable game animal has been averted.

First sprigs of antlers show in January, 1939.




Ellesmere
Id.
Robeson Channel
GREENLAND
Kane Basin
Jones Sound
Devon Id.
BAFFIN
BAY
Barrow Strait
Lancaster Sd.
Bellot Str.
Gulf of Boothia
Boothia Pen'a.
Fury & Hecla Strait
BAFFIN ISLAND
DAVIS STRAIT
Foxe Basin
Cumberland Sd.
Baker L.
Southampton Id.
Lake Harbour
Frobisher B.
Big Id.
Marble Id.
Charles Id.
HUDSON
BAY
Ungava Bay
Koksoak River



ARCTIC TIDES AND CURRENTS

by D. A. Nichols

THE tides and currents along Canada's eastern and northern shores present many unusual features because of the remarkable and varied configuration of the coast line. The three most important influences on the tides and currents are:

1. The Gulf of St. Lawrence, connected on the northeast to the Atlantic Ocean by the Strait of Belle Isle and on the south to the Atlantic Ocean, and extending far inland to the estuary of the St. Lawrence river.

2. The great shallow epicontinental sea of Hudson Bay, which is tied to Foxe Basin on the north and to the Atlantic Ocean on the east by Hudson Strait, the latter being four hundred and eighty miles long and about fifty miles wide. This sends a thread of tidal water westerly up the narrow Chesterfield Inlet as far as Baker Lake, about nine hundred and ninety miles inland from the entrance to Hudson Strait, the farthest to which salt water penetrates any continent, with the exception of the Mediterranean Sea.

3. The Arctic Archipelago, the largest group of islands in the world, with its maze of waterways connecting the Arctic Ocean to Hudson Strait and Baffin Bay.

On ordinary open coasts, the rise and fall of the tides is regular; but when tidal water enters coastal indentations or a maze of waterways, such as that among the Arctic Islands, the tidal regularity is interrupted and unusual conditions prevail. These unusual tides and the circulatory system of ocean currents are of considerable importance to climatic and ice conditions on the Arctic and Labrador coasts.

There is a general circulatory motion of the currents westerly around the Polar Basin. A current moves out from this basin and down the east side of Greenland, thence around its southerly extremity into Baffin Bay. It passes up the east side of the bay as far as the narrow entrance to Kane Basin, where it meets a powerful current from the Polar Sea which comes down Robeson Channel and turns with it to flow down

Reversible falls, Pleasant Inlet, near Lake Harbour. The incoming tide is falling into Soper Lake. Author photo

The "Aklavik" held up by ice in Bellot Strait, August 1938. In August 1858, ice here also held up McClintock's "Fox." P. Klengenberg

the east side of Baffin Island, adding to itself the currents pouring out from Jones and Lancaster Sounds and Hudson Strait. It passes along the Labrador and Newfoundland coasts, and a part of it enters the Gulf of St. Lawrence through the Strait of Belle Isle. The major part proceeds south of Newfoundland and southeasterly along the coasts of Nova Scotia and the northeastern United States. An offshoot turns north into the Gulf of St. Lawrence past Cape Breton Island.

Details regarding the tides and currents of the Arctic Archipelago are rather meagre. In general, there is an easterly and southerly flow through the many straits and sounds between the islands. The water pours out through Jones and Lancaster Sounds to Baffin Bay. Some passes down the Gulf of Boothia, through Fury and Hecla Strait and Foxe Basin to Hudson Bay and Strait. The Foxe Basin current splits, part flowing west of Southampton Island to join the circulatory current of Hudson Bay. The greater part passes out through Hudson Strait. Along north Ellesmere Island and Greenland a current sets to the east, but driftwood found coming down Robeson Channel indicates a powerful current from the north across the Polar Sea.

In Jones and Lancaster Sounds and in Hudson Strait there is an inflow of the Baffin-Labrador current for some distance westwards along the north sides of these inlets. The currents then cross to the south sides and return easterly to the open sea to continue their southerly drift. Ungava Bay has a southerly flow down its west side, then easterly along the south and northerly to join the Hudson Strait current.

The main escape of the ice from the Arctic Ocean is through the channel between Greenland and Spitzbergen Island. A lesser amount finds its way through Robeson Channel and through the straits and sounds of the Arctic Archipelago. The southerly and easterly trends of the currents tend to back up the ice on the western sides of the islands and choke their entrances, but with a moderate gale from the northeast the ice is blown offshore. Conversely, with a northwest wind the ice pressure is extra heavy on the west coasts. It was this condition that apparently prevented McClintock from passing completely through Bellot Strait during his several attempts. The ice was packed at its western entrance, so that he was forced to winter in Kennedy Harbour.

In Baffin Bay the ice contributed by Robeson Channel joins the Baffin pack and drifts southeasterly along the east coasts of Ellesmere, Devon and Baffin Islands. Part of it enters Jones and Lancaster Sounds and Hudson Strait, passing along their northerly sides with the westerly currents. This westerly drift is soon overcome by the stronger push of the main east-flowing currents, and the ice returns along the south sides of the inlets, carrying with it the accumulation of western ice, to again join the main mass of Baffin Bay ice flowing southwards. In Hudson Strait this westerly drift of the ice reaches as far as Big Island, and occasionally to Charles Island.

The accumulation of floes and bergs then passes southeasterly along the Labrador coast, being influenced somewhat by the Continental Shelf where the more easily chilled shallow water prevents the ice from rapidly melting. On the other hand, the warmer waters from Hudson Bay assist the melting and disintegration of the ice pack, so that late in June there is generally a division of the pack, the northerly contingent rarely reaching south of Cumberland Gulf or Frobisher Bay. Soon after this, the Labrador field gradually diminishes and eventually disappears. In early summer the pack reaches far to the south and sends off a small portion through the Strait of Belle Isle into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This is influenced by the tides and winds and tends to hug the north shore of the Gulf and lowers its temperature. The greater part of the pack ice follows the currents around Newfoundland, some

of it passing up into the southern part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and around Cape Breton Island. This ice is chiefly the remnants of the larger bergs, but these too are soon melted by the summer heat and the warmer waters of the south.

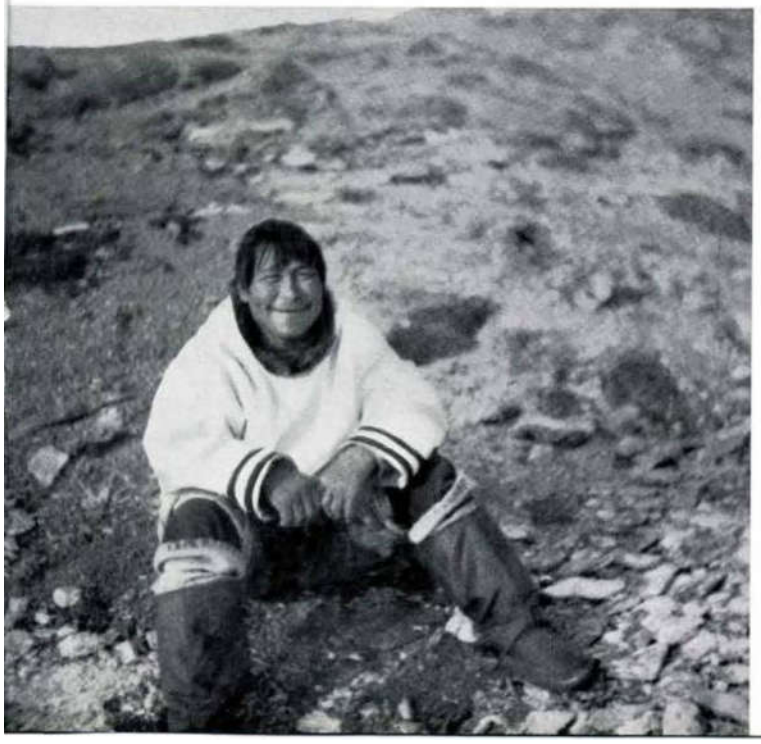
The tides of the Atlantic react to the unusual configuration of the land. The tides from the east meet the Atlantic seaboard of Canada and rise and fall with regularity along the straight parts of the coast. When they enter indentations, they pass up them and, in the narrow channels, the water tends to be bottled up and higher tides are produced in such places.

The tidal front sweeps around Nova Scotia and is deflected easterly into the narrow Bay of Fundy. In the narrow estuaries of some of the rivers entering the Bay, some of the highest tides in the world are found. They rise to forty-five and fifty feet, and under unusual barometric and wind conditions have been known to reach sixty-two feet, while across the narrow peninsula from the head of the bay the tide rarely rises above eight feet.

The tides of Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait are also unusual. The water piles up in the narrow strait through which Hudson Bay is filled and bailed out again twice a day. In the narrow channels and inlets leading off from the strait, tides as high as forty-five feet have been reported. In the narrow estuaries of rivers such as the Koksoak, this high tidal range is especially noticeable, due to this bottling effect. As soon as the western end of the strait is reached, the incoming tide spreads out over the great extent of Hudson Bay and the height to which the tide reaches falls away. It is generally less in the south than in the north, reaching five feet in James Bay and twelve and nine feet at Marble Island. On the west coast of Boothia peninsula, the rise and fall is less than on the east side, and in Barrow strait it is less going westerly. In the channels open to both the eastern and the western seas, the tides are not as high as in the indentations penetrating the coasts of the islands.

Among the many interesting phenomena associated with these extraordinary tides, especially in Hudson Strait, is the great velocity attained by them, particularly at the eastern entrance to the strait. There are

Navolia, well-known Eskimo pilot of Lake Harbour.



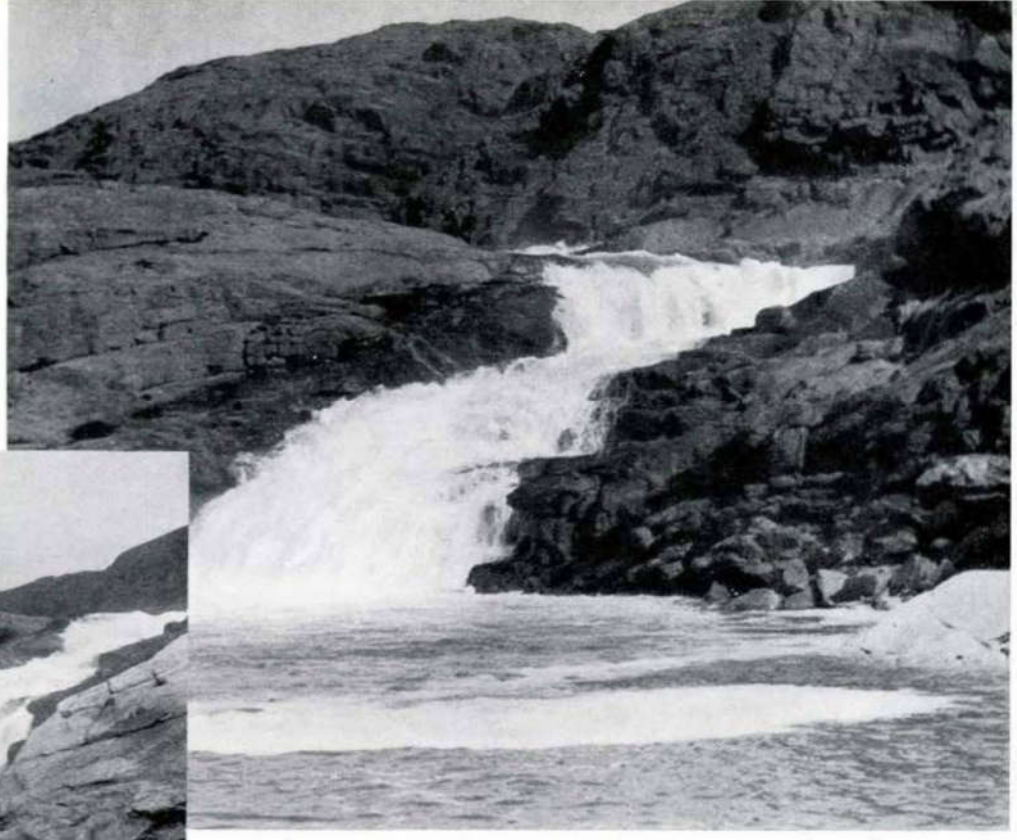
Tracking the boat down the heavy rapids caused by the falling tide in Bruce Inlet, Baffin Island.

also strong, rapidly-reversing tide rips, scores of reversible falls, and many falls that increase and decrease in height twice a day.

The reversible falls are, perhaps, the most spectacular. They occur where there is a constriction in an inlet. The tides in the outer ocean fall so quickly that the water of a partly enclosed basin with narrow entrance is not able to escape rapidly enough through the narrow entrance to keep up with the lowering of the ocean level outside. This results in a difference of level of from six to ten feet in places, so that there is a fall of that amount outwards to the sea when the tide is running out. The reverse is true when the tide is flowing in. The waters pile up more rapidly outside the narrow entrance than they can pass through it to the enclosed inner bay, so that there is a fall inwards towards the enclosed bay. About the time of the change of tide, there is terrific conflict between the outflowing and inflowing waters, resulting in swirling boils and eddies.

Two such reversible falls came under my observation in 1938 just west of Lake Harbour, Baffin Island, where Pleasant Inlet joins Soper Lake, which is a tidal lake. When going up Pleasant Inlet to Soper Lake, we arrived at the first fall about half an hour before Navolia, our native pilot, thought it advisable to proceed down to Soper Lake. After waiting that length of time, we ran down the infalling cascade, then along a quiet reach and down a second fall without much difficulty. On returning several days later, we arrived at the inner fall some time before it was possible to negotiate it, finding our way blocked by a wall of water falling into Soper Lake, in which our boat lay. For some distance below the fall, the water was in great commotion, with strong eddies and rips. We could barely see over the fall while standing in our boat at its base. About thirty minutes after the picture was taken, we managed to ascend the cascade through the channel at the extreme right of the view, although we hung precariously for some moments on the crest. Two miles farther down the inlet we negotiated the second, lesser, rapid without difficulty.

Farther west, in Bruce inlet, another marked tidal effect was encountered. We proceeded two miles up this inlet, at or near high tide, with fifteen feet or more of water under our keel. Next morning, about half tide, we rowed up the same inlet to investigate a graphite



Glasgow Falls, Lake Harbour, near high tide (top) and low tide (bottom). The drop here is sometimes 36 feet.

Lorene Squire

Author photo

deposit about a half mile inland and left our boat at the edge of the receding tide-water. On our return to the coast we had to carry the skiff about two hundred feet to the lowered sea-level and proceeded down the inlet, which was then a rapidly outflowing stream with a very rocky channel. In two places we were forced to portage or track the boat down heavy rapids.

Cascades which decrease and increase in height with the fall and rise of the tides are also quite common along this part of Baffin Island. These occur where rivers fall directly into the sea from hanging valleys due to glacial action or to the recent rapid uplift of the coasts. The rivers have been unable to cut down their channels as rapidly as the land rose, and hence have a fall from their uplifted beds to the ocean level where they enter the sea. As the ocean level is rising and falling with the change of tides, the height of the falls decreases or increases with the changing tides, reaching a minimum or maximum twice a day. In some cases the change is ten or fifteen feet, as at Glasgow Falls near Lake Harbour.

Such phenomena make travel in the Arctic extremely interesting and sometimes hazardous, if native pilots who are familiar with the vagaries of the tides, currents and ice are not used; and no one should venture much along the inlets and islands in small boats without such a guide, even if familiar with ordinary coastal travel, for, as indicated, the tides are very tricky. Some of the casualties occurring in these regions have been caused by this lack of caution.

Height of Some of the Tides of the Arctic

	Spring	Neap
Ashe Inlet	30	
Burwell	21	17
Byam Martin Channel	1	
Bylot Island	12	15
Chesterfield Inlet (mouth)	8	6
Chimo	25	
Chorbak Inlet	25	20
Churchill	15	11
Clyde River	3	2
Cornwall Island	4	5
Craig Harbour	6	5
Dorset	8	6
Ellesmere Island, North	4	1
Frobisher Bay	45	35
Fullerton Harbour	16	
Harrison	4	
Hecla and Griper	2	
James Bay	5	
Koksoak River	38	
Lake Harbour	36	30
Mansel Island	12	
Marble Island	12	9
Pangnirtung	8	6
Pond's Inlet	2	2
Port Leopold	5	
Prince of Wales Sound	3	
Richmond Gulf	3	4
Rae River (mouth)	10	
Robeson Channel	3	0.38
South Boothia Gulf	11	9
Stupart's Bay	24	18
Sugluk	14	11
Upper Savage Island	29	
Ungava Bay	45	
Wakeham Bay	29	20

WHITE WHALE DRIVE

With a mighty heave, five Eskimos roll the slippery, half-ton carcass of a white whale out of the water. Severed tails and flippers lie near the boat.

Story by "Kwee-enna" Pictures by S. J. Stewart

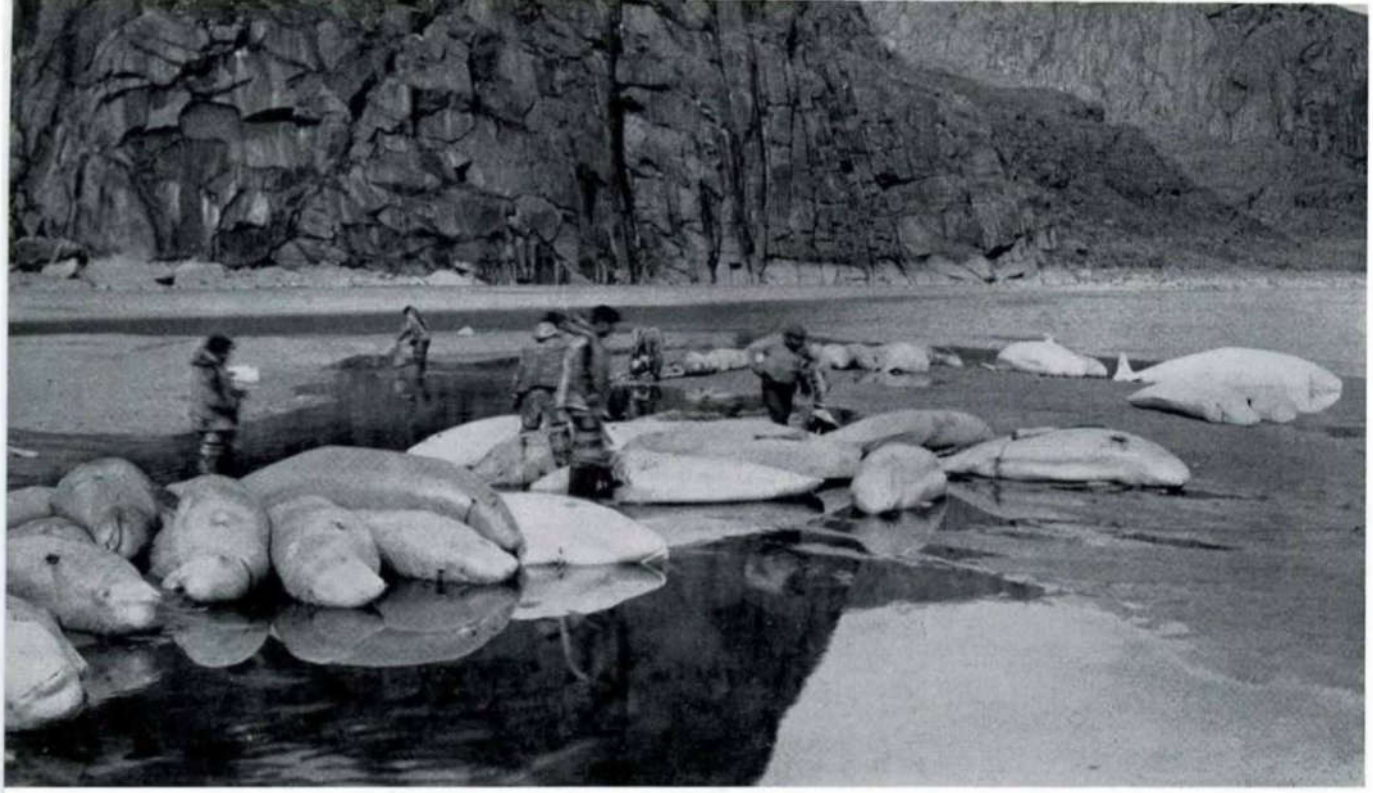
Every year at Pangnirtung post, eastern Baffin Island, a drive is organized to hunt the white whales which migrate northward in July. For the Eskimo hunters, the drive is one of the year's great events. This tale is told from an Eskimo's viewpoint.

UKTUK sighed contentedly, for life was good. "The day" was here at last—the day everyone had been planning and waiting for—the day when the tides were just right, the ice not too heavy, and the northward migration of white whales at its height—the day of the annual whale-drive. Uktuk sat among sixty other natives, slowly pulling on his pipe; a happy light sparkled in his dark eyes as they continually returned to look over the deeper waters of the fiord, for they saw the flashing white backs and tails of the thousands of whales which gambolled there. Some two hundred yards from the end of the fiord, the rising tide was flowing over the rocky bar. Once it was well covered, they could begin the greatest sport in the North.

Uktuk's meditation suddenly ceased at the galvanizing shout from the *angauka*, the post manager: "Into the boats—Angootweeniak's motorboat take the left flank, Ooshoochiak's the right—Uktuk, dish out the cartridges—pile in, pile in—." Commands rang out, intermingled with the joyous shouts of the natives as all bundled into their allotted boats. The boats crept out along the side of the fiord and were soon assembled in an extended line across its mouth.

And still the whales played. . . .

The *angauka* was signalling the boats into position, and soon the whole line was creeping slowly forward towards the funnel of the fiord. That seemed a signal for the unleashing of a din heard nowhere else in the world. A mixture of Mardi Gras, the Rose Bowl, Times Square, and a Suez market place might possibly resemble this pandemonium now rising to its height. Slowly the line of boats crept forward. Uktuk glanced along this line. There were the older men like Ookpik, Neshak, and Angutidjuak beating on gasoline tins; Puppygayuk and his younger brothers straining their backs on the whaleboat oars; while the other hunters were standing by the tillers or preparing to set up a "creeping barrage" of rifle fire—all were shouting as though their lives depended on the volume of sound. Even the cliffs of the fiord seemed determined to help, for they were throwing back roll upon roll of tumultuous echoes.



Each whale is skinned by slitting it down the belly, and down the back. The muktuk, hide, and blubber is then peeled off in two halves and loaded into the boats. The muktuk is eaten by the Eskimos; the hide is used for shoe laces and covering furniture; and the blubber is rendered into oil.

Back at Pangnirtung post, the remains of the whales are laid out on a huge wooden platform. The women then take their semicircular knives or "ooloos," and flench the hide from the blubber, which the men load into the drums. One woman takes time off to feed her baby.

The hitherto comparatively still surface of the fiord now broke into an ever increasing mass of boiling ripples as the whales turned to flee from the wall of throbbing sound. In this silent country sound is a fearsome thing.

Uktuk watched the white forms with a knowing eye. When they reached the shallow water or sensed the bar, would they have a leader, as last year, who would herd them, deep down, under the boats before they got over the bar? It was an anxious thought.

Suddenly sporadic rifle-fire broke out on the left flank—the din increased—oars were splashed—the old men beat as never before. Some whales were trying to break for the open sea. Uktuk glanced over with interest; yes, about a hundred whales had made it; but one timid one had turned back and many had followed. All regrets of the loss were wiped from Uktuk's mind by a shout from his son. Instinctively he brought his rifle to shoulder. Before him plunged a score of whales, blowing, diving, and milling, crazily trying to get through the wall of sound and boats. A big fellow headed towards the boat—others followed—Uktuk pumped bullets into the water just ahead of the leader—he swung and, followed by the whole school, dashed over the bar.

As the distance between the line and the bar diminished and the whales became more and more frantic at the feel of the shallow water, firing broke out all along the line. Hundreds dared the terrible man-made net—and escaped; but hundreds more were held within the comparatively quiet waters of the lagoon. Half an hour later a great shout arose—the keel of a whaleboat had grounded on the bar! The falling tide had closed the doors, and the whales were trapped.

The *angauka* patted Uktuk's shoulder "Good work; looks like a record hunt. Call a spell. We all need tea."

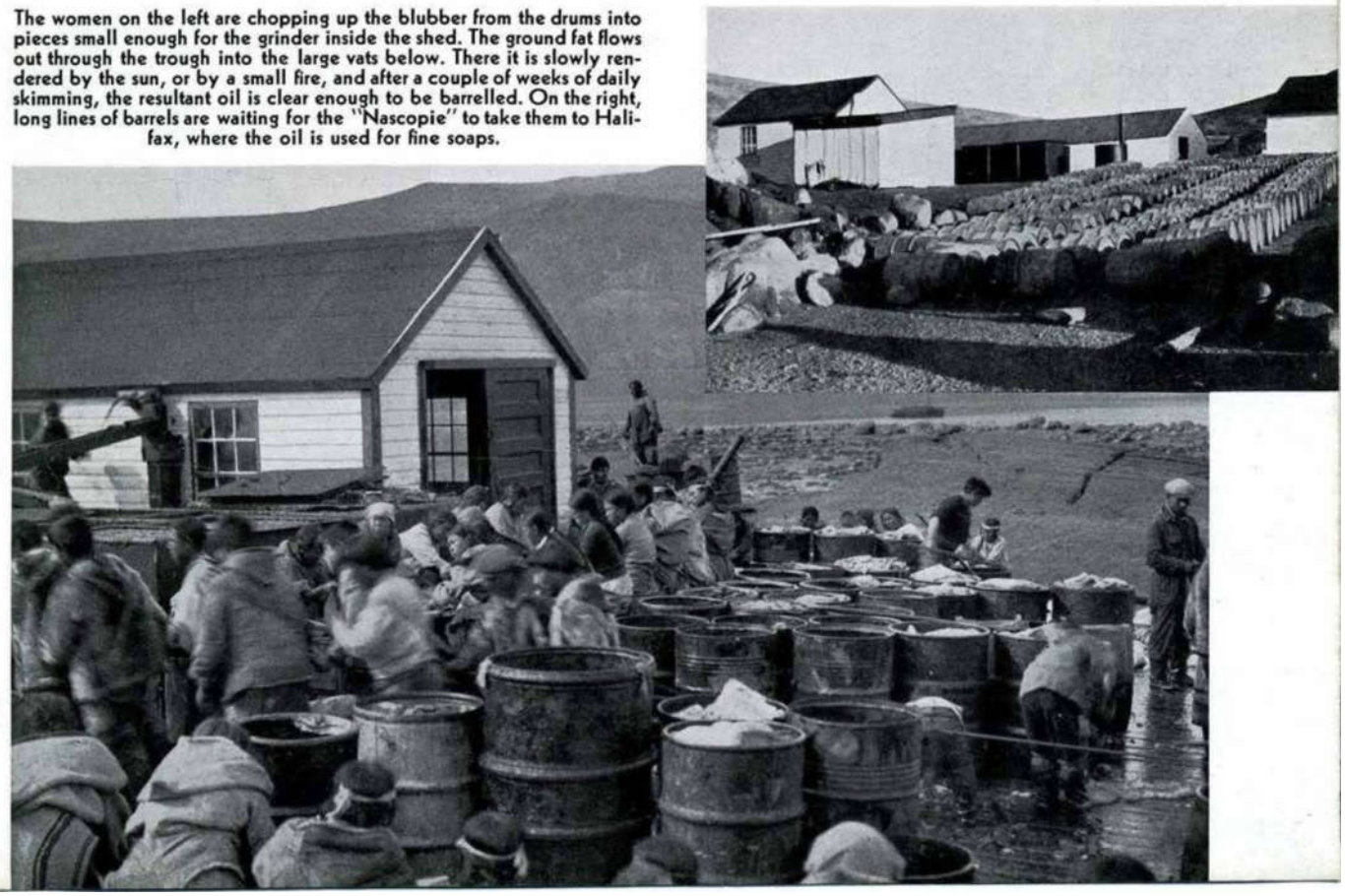
An hilarious hour passed, during which countless incidents of the drive were told for the first time. On many a winter's night to come, they would be retold and embellished beyond measure—How old Neshak beat so hard that he put the stick right through the tin can: How Apik had "caught a crab" trying to row and look around at the whales: How Joannassie had nearly fallen overboard in his eagerness!

The *angauka* and Uktuk were consulting. At a shout from them every native grabbed either rifle or skinning knife and the work of killing and skinning the white horde of thrashing, grounded whales commenced.

Uktuk looked over that happy bunch of natives—some stripping hides and fat, some loading them into the boats, and others caching meat. All were chewing raw *muktuk*—the outer protective skin of the whale, with great enjoyment.

At the height of the tide, the motor boats came chugging along and presently all the whaleboats, full to the gunwales with slippery hides and fat, were strung out in long lines being towed homewards.

Soon they were back at the post. The activity had now become specialized. Everyone knew his or her job, for a hunter is a hunter and a woman a woman; the hunt is over so leave the work to the women! Uktuk, after a grunt to his wife, gathered the men together and the heavy work of unloading started. All the hides were placed, fat side uppermost, on the big flenching platform and the women with their curved "ooloo" knives commenced stripping off first the fat and then the *muktuk*. This job would go on for several days. Eventually the fat would be put through a grinder, rendered out in vats, re-rendered and cleared by gentle heat, and then barrelled. The hides would also be washed and salted, dried and baled. But most of that was women's work and to Uktuk and his men, apart from the heavier work, the whale drive was over. Still, they had had their thrill of a four hour whale drive and, after a month's work on the spoil, would be looking forward to the *Nascopie's* arrival—and more fun.



The women on the left are chopping up the blubber from the drums into pieces small enough for the grinder inside the shed. The ground fat flows out through the trough into the large vats below. There it is slowly rendered by the sun, or by a small fire, and after a couple of weeks of daily skimming, the resultant oil is clear enough to be barrelled. On the right, long lines of barrels are waiting for the "Nascopie" to take them to Halifax, where the oil is used for fine soaps.

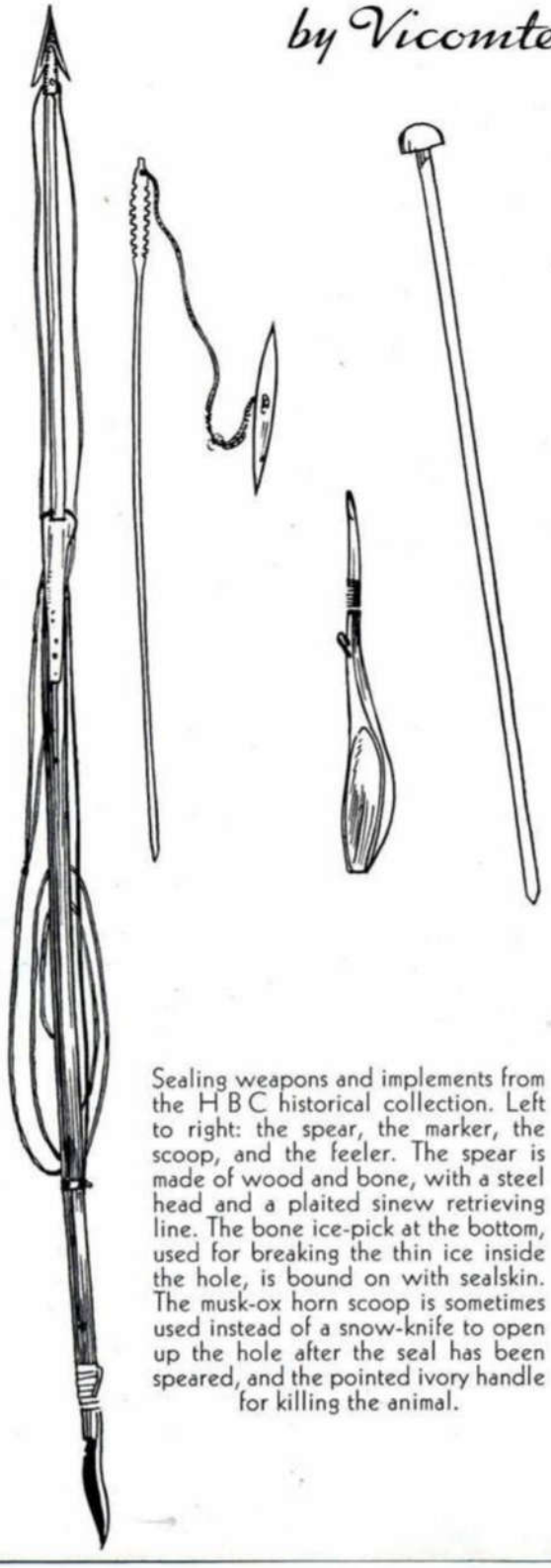
Introducing

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF

BREATHING-HOLE SEALING

by Vicomte Gontran de Poncins

Description by Angus Gavin



Sealing weapons and implements from the H B C historical collection. Left to right: the spear, the marker, the scoop, and the feeler. The spear is made of wood and bone, with a steel head and a plaited sinew retrieving line. The bone ice-pick at the bottom, used for breaking the thin ice inside the hole, is bound on with sealskin. The musk-ox horn scoop is sometimes used instead of a snow-knife to open up the hole after the seal has been speared, and the pointed ivory handle for killing the animal.

THE art of hunting seals by spearing them at their breathing-holes is practised by all the coastal Eskimos from Bering Strait to Greenland. But in the Central Arctic, due largely to the fact that the hunters there do not use kyaks, it has reached a high level of perfection.

To be a good sealer is the aim of every Eskimo boy and man. Once recognized as such, he becomes the envy of his fellow tribesmen, and his advice is asked on every sealing expedition. But the honour is not easily won. Although he begins his training in the art before he enters his teens, he rarely becomes expert at it until he reaches his thirties.

His equipment for a seal hunt consists of two dogs in harness with traces about thirty feet long, a seal spear complete with point and cord attached, a snow-knife or scoop, a piece of deerskin or bearskin shaped like a muff, and a bag containing a small bunch of bird-down, feelers, and markers.

The dogs are used for locating the breathing holes. Every seal keeps one or more holes open in the ice, where from time to time he comes up to breathe. The hunter, with his two dogs in leash, walks up into the wind, and the dogs scurry around sniffing the snow until they find a hole. The hunter then takes his harpoon, without the point attached, and starts probing in the snow to find its position. Taking his feeler, he then pushes it down and turns it around to find just how large the hole is. If he thinks it is not too large and has been used a good deal, he will tie up his dogs about a hundred yards down-wind to prevent the seal from hearing them.

Going back to the hole, he starts to prepare it for the kill. He takes off his little bag and selects one of the markers. This is made from bone and is shaped like a long knitting needle with a small button-shaped piece of bone pushed on the sharp end about a quarter of an inch from the end. Through the eye of the marker at the other end is tied a piece of string about eight inches long with a short toggle attached to the other end. He places the end with the button down into the hole until there is only about an inch of the marker protruding above the snow, and fixes it there with the toggle. If the day is windless, instead of using a marker

the hunter puts some bird-down over the tiny hole through which the seal breathes.

Now, taking his piece of deerskin, he places it about eighteen inches from the hole, cleans off his feet and steps on top of it. This is to stop any noise that may be caused should he move. Then, getting his spear, he attaches the point and pulls the cord tight, making it fast to the handle of the spear with a short piece of sinew. The end of the cord has a loop, which is placed over the hand and pulled tight and is held like that until the kill.

Standing there bent over and motionless, he may have to wait for hours before a seal comes. Sometimes he even falls asleep in this position. When a seal approaches the hole, the hunter immediately knows by the marker, the action of the water causing it to vibrate and move up and down slightly. This is a sign for the hunter to get set and ready to spear the seal when it comes up the hole.

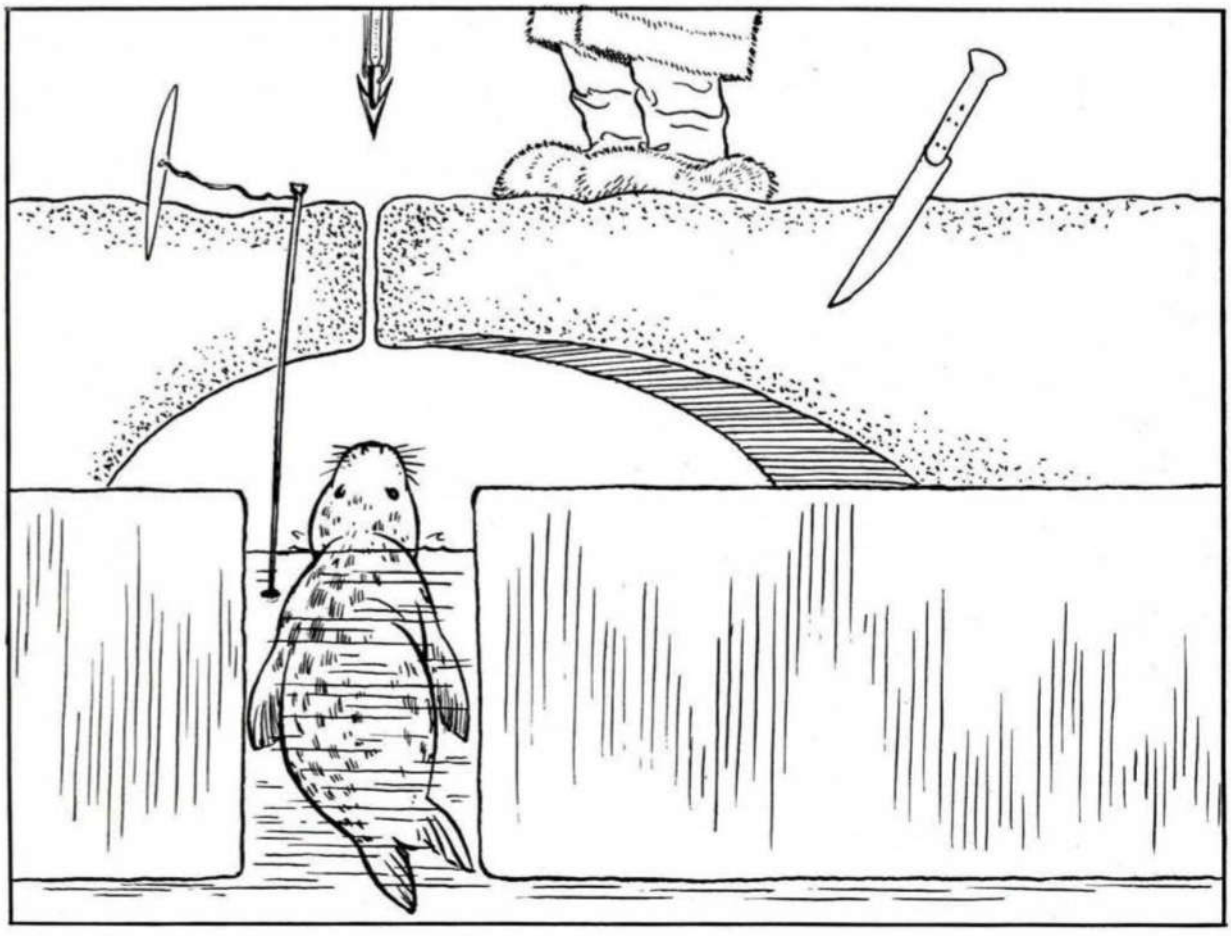
As soon as the seal enters the hole, the marker starts to move up. The hunter, with his spear poised, waits until the marker sinks to its original position, thus telling him that the water has all been displaced by the seal and that he is there at the top of the hole, breathing. If he is using bird-down, the breath disturbs it. With a swift stroke he plunges down his spear into the animal and immediately pulls out the handle, leaving the point deeply embedded in the seal's body.

As soon as he is sure he has speared the seal, he shouts to his neighbours, who immediately come on the run. The first one there gets the front quarters of the seal, the hunter himself gets the hind quarters, and the remainder is distributed equally among the others. After the kill the hunter cuts away the top of the hole and with the help of his friends hauls out the seal.

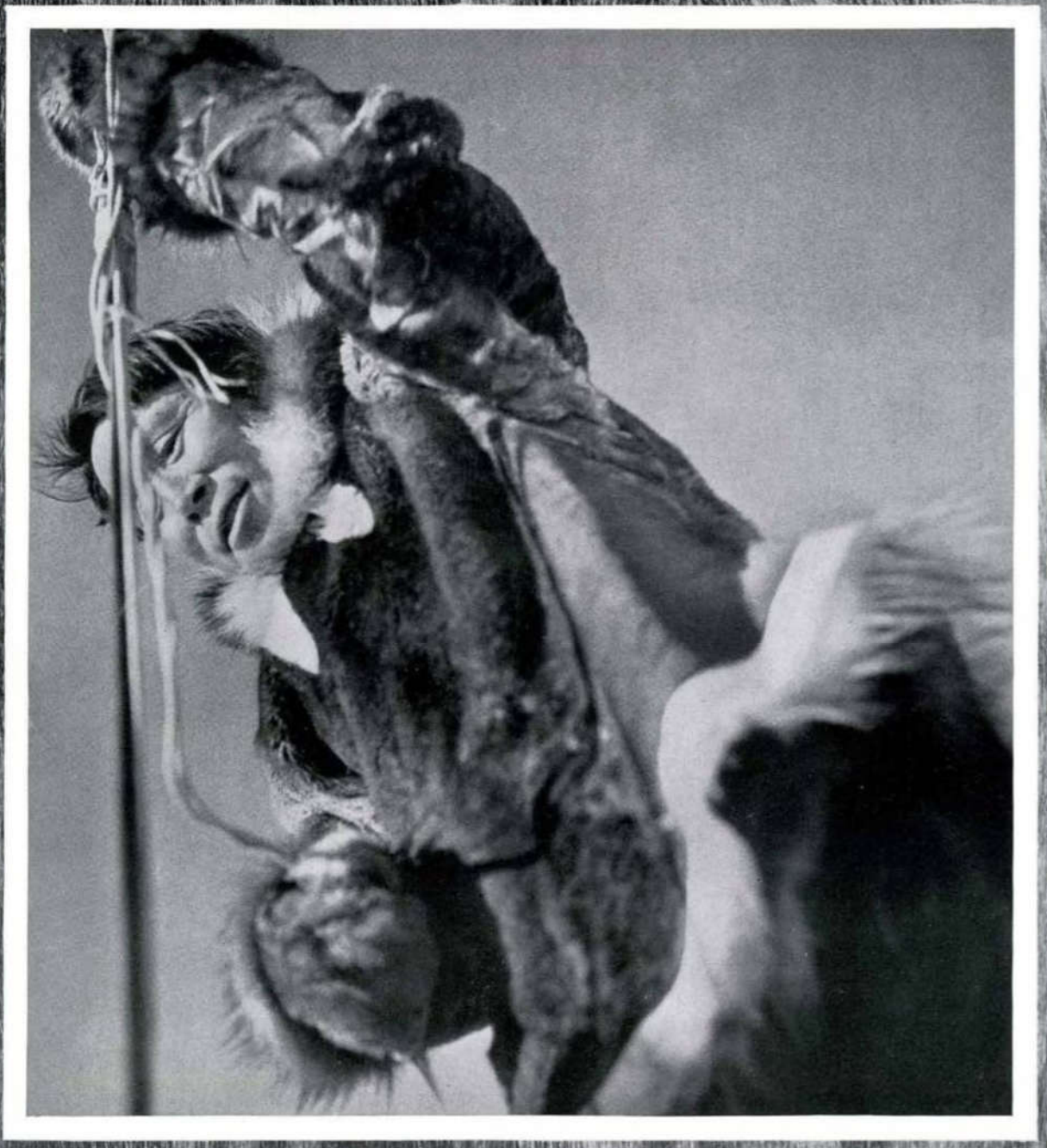
Pulling the animal away from the hole, he removes the spear point, the other hunters having formed a circle around him and his catch in the meantime. Then taking his snowknife, he makes a small slit in the body of the animal and, inserting his hand, pulls out the liver and places it on top of the seal, cuts a slice off it and without a word moves back to the circle, the first man to reach him after making the kill being next, and so on around the circle until everyone has eaten a piece of the liver.

This ritual is offered to the departed spirit of the killed seal and its mate. By doing this they believe that the mate will still go on breeding and that the spirit of the one just killed will be pacified. The ceremony over, the hunter collects his dogs and is off to the same procedure all over again.

Sectional view showing the hunter about to strike at the seal through the breathing-hole. The marker with its toggle is on the left. To the right, under the arch of snow, is the platform of ice where in spring the mother seal bears her young. Actually the ice is much thicker than shown, being six or seven feet deep.



Waiting at the seal's breathing-hole, Matomiak may have to stand like this for hours before the indicator he is watching shows that the seal is coming up. His feet are wrapped in bearskin.



Down through the wind-packed snow, Matomiak drives his spear. In his other hand he holds the cord, on the end of which is the detachable spearhead.

With a 100-pound seal on the end of the line, Matomiak struggles to bring it up through the hole he has cut with his snow-knife. His sense of humour at being photographed also comes to the top.

To pacify Noolyayuk, goddess of the seals, a little rite is performed as soon as the animal is dead. The liver is taken out and divided among the hunters, while the hungry dogs look on.

VANCOUVER and the COMPANY

By Morton L. Bennet

VANCOUVER is one of the few big cities of the Canadian West that did not spring from the fur trade. It is the child of Confederation and the Canadian Pacific. In 1870, British Columbia, which had been proclaimed a Crown Colony by Governor James Douglas twelve years earlier, agreed to enter the confederation of Canadian provinces, provided a railway were built to connect them with the Pacific. Walter Moberley, an engineer called in for consultation with Lieutenant-Governor Trutch of British Columbia and Sir John A. Macdonald, suggested that the route of the proposed line should pierce the Rockies by Howse Pass and strike the Pacific at Port Moody on Burrard Inlet.

Alternate routes were suggested by others, and hotly defended, but in 1883 the Canadian Pacific Railway Company started laying rails from Port Moody eastward to the narrow ribbons of steel that were thrusting their disputed way over the mountains.

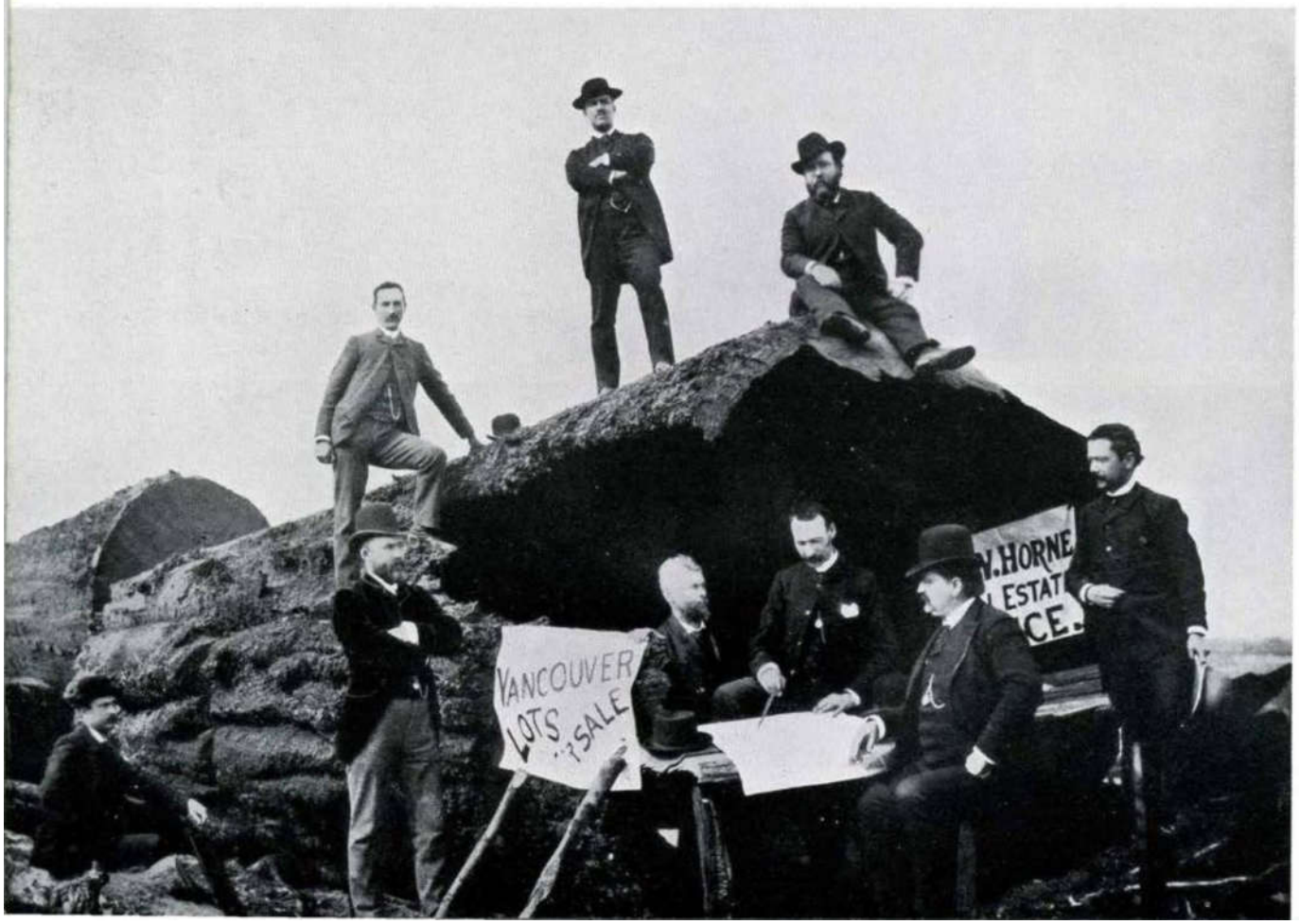
It was soon recognized, however, that Port Moody was no place for the terminus of a transcontinental railway. The provincial government wanted to extend the line another twelve miles down the inlet to Coal Harbour, where lay a small town named Granville. William C. Van Horne, general manager of the railway, made a personal inspection, and approved their choice; and on that day, the destiny of Vancouver was decided.

The last spike of the transcontinental line was driven in 1885; and on May 23, 1887, the year of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee, the first passenger train arrived on the site of the future city.

First white man to see the outer harbour of Burrard Inlet had been Narvaez the Spaniard in 1791. Next year, Captain George Vancouver had sailed his yawl into the inner harbour and out again on the same tide. Both inner and outer harbours now comprise the great seaport, second largest in Canada, upon which the city of Vancouver, ten miles wide by seven deep, looks down from the amphitheatre of low hills.

It was Admiral George Richards, R.N., who pointed out to the Imperial Government the advantages of the inlet as a Pacific terminus. He had become familiar with the locality when in 1859, as captain of H.M.

After the fire of 1886, a real estate office was set up inside this huge tree trunk. It lay across what is now Georgia street, opposite the west entrance to the present store. Devine photo.



Delivery in 1906. This was considered quite a flashy outfit.

Survey Ship *Plumper*, he had sailed through the narrows in search of coal and named the place where now lie the great docks, "Coal Harbour."

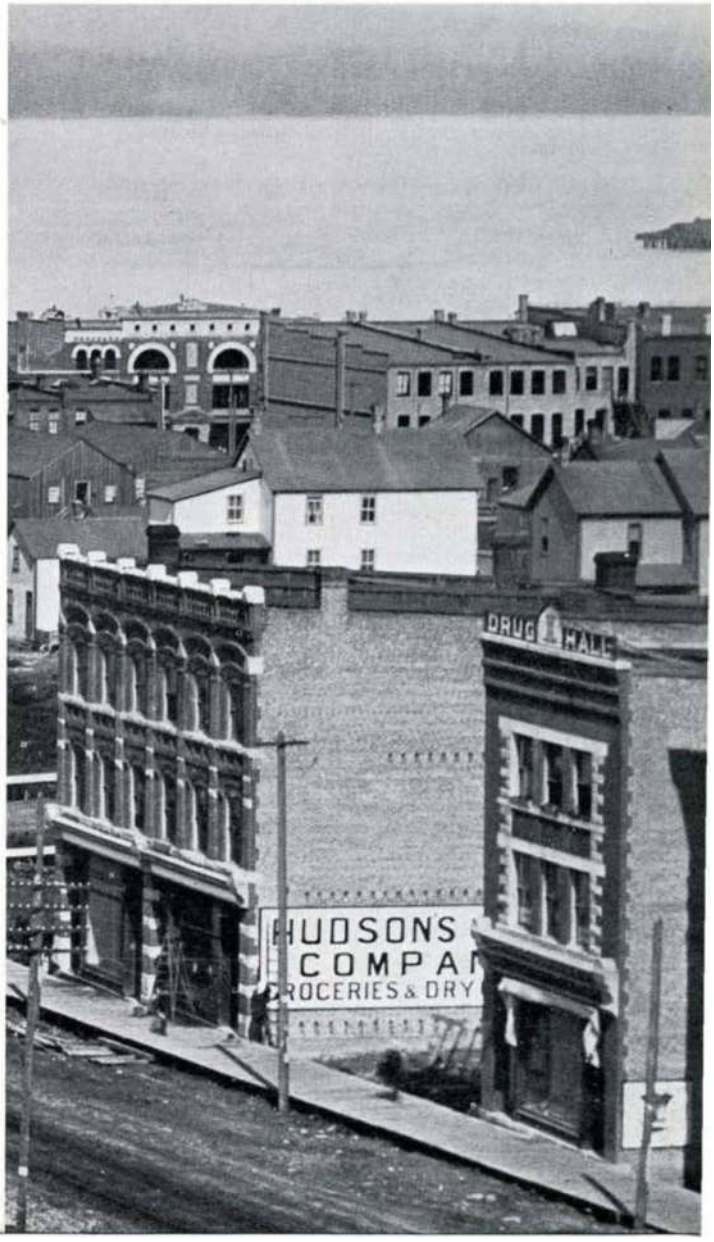
First settler on Burrard Inlet was John Morton, a Yorkshireman, who in October 1862 slept beneath the tall fir and cedar trees, whilst erecting a rude shelter, the first habitation in a city of a hundred thousand homes; and sleeping, awakened to watch the herons fly from the tree-tops above. Morton told his cousin, Sam Brighouse, and his friend, William Hailstone, and together they pre-empted five hundred and fifty acres at a dollar an acre.

Twenty years later, when they heard the railway was coming, they subdivided their holdings into the paper "City of Liverpool"—a city without a single habitation other than their own cabin. To-day Morton's claim forms part of the populous "West End" of Vancouver, with its monumental buildings and luxurious apartment blocks. Almost upon the exact spot where he built his shelter, there now rises the great Marine Building, one of the finest skyscrapers in the British Empire.

With so much forest wealth standing there for the taking, it was natural that the first industry should be a sawmill. Another followed in 1865. Then, one rainy afternoon, came John Deighton, alias "Gassy Jack," a master mariner, well-informed and voluble. With his Indian wife, an Indian helper, a yellow dog and two hens, they landed from their canoe on the beach just outside the sawmill property. Here they built a "hotel" of one room. "Portuguese Joe" followed, then others, and soon there was a group of nine primitive white-washed dwellings huddled between the forest and the narrow crescent beach. To this budding metropolis was given the name of Gastown, in honour of its founder.

Law and order soon demanded attention. The Colonial Government surveyed Gastown, on paper, into streets and lots, named it Granville, in honour of Lord Granville, Colonial Secretary, and built a tiny shack, dignified as the "Customs' House." A constable was appointed, and it became "Court House." Close beside stood a two-cell jail of logs, unheated, and so rarely used that the key was lost; the constable's beat,

The branch on Granville street, 1890.



The first H B C store in Vancouver, on Cordova street. Left to right: J. Sharp, J. Ford, C. Lamb, George Weeks, manager; Charles Askew, with whom Mr. Weeks opened the store in January 1887.

Right: The second store, at the corner of Granville (left) and Georgia. The original building of 1893 extended as far as the second stone pier on Granville; the addition of 1899 up to the third; that of 1905 to the fourth.

Far right: Building the third store at the corner of Georgia and Seymour streets, March 1914. The old red brick store is on the left.

boundless miles of mountain and inlet solitude, he covered in his boat.

So for sixteen years Granville slept beside the waters of the inlet, its white buildings framed by the fir and cedars that soared into the blue. Then, one day the news came that it had been chosen as the terminus for the great transcontinental railway. At once the sleepy little settlement sprang to life. The age-long silence was shattered as forest giants came crashing down before the onslaughts of rope-muscled men. (The "bowling-pin" method was adopted: smaller trees were cut partly through; then a huge leviathan was felled across them, and whole acres went down in one resounding wave of green.) Bull-whackers roared at their eight-yoke teams; the whining saws cut the great logs into lumber; and blows of adze and axe and hammer rang across the still waters of the inlet.

Meanwhile, the track layers were approaching from Port Moody, and on February 22, 1886, the first work-train got through to Gastown. A few weeks later, the

village of Granville was incorporated as the City of Vancouver—a city without a single official, without even a chair to sit on, without a cent in the bank. . . .

Vancouver was young, it was vibrant. Its pulse was Water Street, but its heart was the waterfront. The great forest behind receded before the advance of hardy men. Centuries-old trees toppled. The tallest of them, three hundred and twenty-eight feet in height and measuring fourteen feet at its thickest part, stood a few yards away from the west Georgia Street entrance of the present Hudson's Bay Company store. A young surveyor, Hamilton, took a group of men and, setting his transit at what is now Victory Square, ran a line from which to start a system of streets. Today, Hamilton's line is Hastings Street. Another line, a mile long, which took three days to cut through the heavily forested area, is now Granville Street.

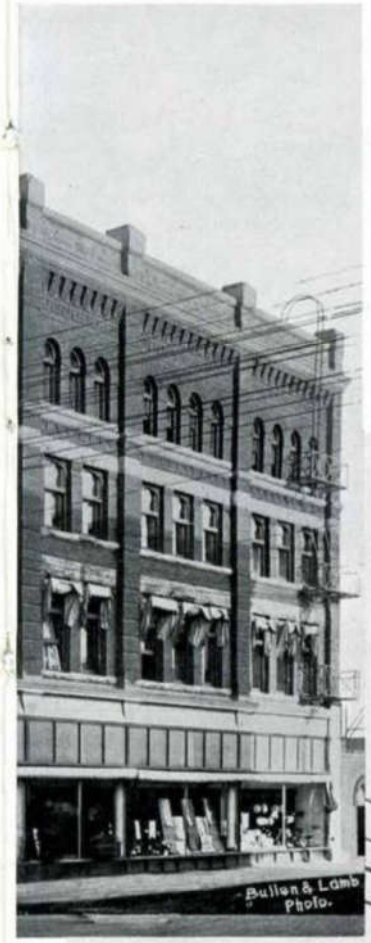
Vancouver was away to a flying start. But disaster lay in wait. On a windy, bright Sunday morning in June, 1886, the villagers flocking out of church found a fierce fire raging in the clearings. Gradually the wind rose to gale force, whipping the flames into the houses huddled together along the beach. Black smoke billowed to the skies.

In less than forty-five minutes not a trace remained of Vancouver except a pair of wagon tires and smouldering ashes. To say Vancouver burned would be putting it mildly. It simply vanished in a blast of flame. Almost a thousand buildings disappeared in that holocaust. The loss of life was never accurately known. But a few days later a brave sign flaunted from the facade of a three-storey building, "Raised from the Ashes in Three days." So, before the ashes were cool, men were planning a bigger and better city.

Into this welter of tumultuous expansion came the Hudson's Bay Company. On land owned by the C.P.R. they acquired a site on what is now known as Cordova Street, though there was no street there at that time. It was a modest, one-storey shop with a fifty-foot frontage and a depth of seventy-five feet. An item in the Vancouver *Herald* for December 31, 1886, states, "The Hudson's Bay Company's temporary building is all covered in and will be ready in about a week's time."

Vancouver citizens were pleased with this announcement. The nearest Hudson's Bay store had been at Fort Langley, the first on the Lower Mainland. And though Fort Langley had been the birthplace of the colony of British Columbia, the Company, in keeping with its policy of keeping pace with the times, was making ready to serve a metropolis.

The doors of the new establishment were opened for business on January 17, 1887, under the management of George W. Weeks, who had been with the Winnipeg store in its earliest days. It was a small store with an atmosphere not unlike that of a general store in a small country town of to-day. Shelves were piled high with goods and the larger articles were displayed on the floor. No attempt was made at window display. It was a storehouse of necessities, the present day art



To-day's store, filling the block along Georgia street between Granville (left) and Seymour.

of suggestive merchandising exhibits undreamed of. Store clerks were on hand before the first citizens were abroad. They set out axes, saws, lanterns and other hardware on sidewalk stands, swept the floors hurriedly with a corn broom, then threw open their doors to admit the light of the coming day. On the waterfront was bustling activity, but in the shopping district the pace was slower, with customers examining every article with a practised and appraising eye. They bought shrewdly, driving hard bargains if the slightest opening presented itself. But they traded with dignity even if the store interior was a trifle dingy and lighted only by swinging, oil lamps. Even then, the Hudson's Bay Company store had a free delivery system.

In 1888 the telephone arrived in Vancouver and soon there were over eighty subscribers. A newspaper also found life in the growing city, and the issue of the *Daily News Advertiser*, July 3, 1888, carried an advertisement of the Cordova Street Store, two columns wide and four inches deep. It was merely a blunt but truthful statement that quality lines of groceries, provisions, wines, liquors and cigars were carried and free delivery assured.

By 1890 it was obvious that the Cordova Street store was not large enough to accommodate goods for which there was a growing demand. Accordingly, a branch store was opened in the Crewe Block on Granville Street which carried general dry goods, men's wear, dressmaking and a carpet section.

Thus, before the turn of the century Company policy was changing to meet the times. First a free delivery, then the first stage of a department store. Within two years a new store was proposed and plans drawn up. It was to be at the corner of Granville and Georgia streets.

Old-timers—there were a few—and younger business men shook their heads when they heard this news. Granville and Georgia streets, they said, was "out of town" and no good could come of this venture. There were others, however, who firmly felt that this was to be the heart of the future retail district, and they blessed the Hudson's Bay Company for daring to pioneer.

The new store opened on September 21, 1893, under the management of James Thomson. Several new departments were added and it was expected that business expansion had been taken care of for some time to come.

But in 1898 the Klondike gold rush hit Vancouver like a tornado. The narrow streets were filled with

gold-hungry humans, all anxious to get outfitted and start for the Whitehorse Pass. The majority of them, individuals and companies, came to the Hudson's Bay Company, which by virtue of its great warehouse on Water Street, was able to fill orders for all whether they were for pounds or tons.

Here we have the remarkable spectacle of a huge fur trading company coming into a crowded metropolis and adapting itself to the demands of a swiftly changing era. The old system of barter had been replaced by modern methods and the business tempo had increased. In 1889 it was necessary to add a further fifty feet to the frontage of the store on Granville Street. The turn of the century found the Company firmly established in the retail trade of a rapidly growing city, and in 1905 it was necessary to add another twenty-five feet to the store.

Vancouver continued to grow. Fast liners from the Orient came through the First Narrows and were warped into long berths along the ever-widening water-front. Alluring tropical odours came from the cargoes of these ships and mingled with the pungent smell of freshly sawn fir. The rattle of winches, as they lifted tons of foreign goods from yawning holds, joined the whine of busy saws. The forest fell back as the city grew. Pavements, electric lights, street cars, brilliantly illuminated shop windows; catchy music from throbbing Gastown; Saturday night crowds and Sabbath silence; soft breezes from the Gulf of Georgia; the shouts of happy children at play; Sikhs, Hindus, Chinese, Japanese, Englishmen, Scotsmen; rugged lumberjacks; miners, rubbing elbows as they took in the sights; tourists, automobiles, old-timers standing in awe as massive buildings took root on sites where they had once hunted wild game a few scant years before; the teeming water-front, now a forest of spars and masts splashed with painted funnels and gaily coloured flags on ships of all nations; foreign talk as sea faring men walked the streets; the graceful, white Empress liners at their piers at the foot of Granville Street; wealth, gaiety and happiness. This was Vancouver.

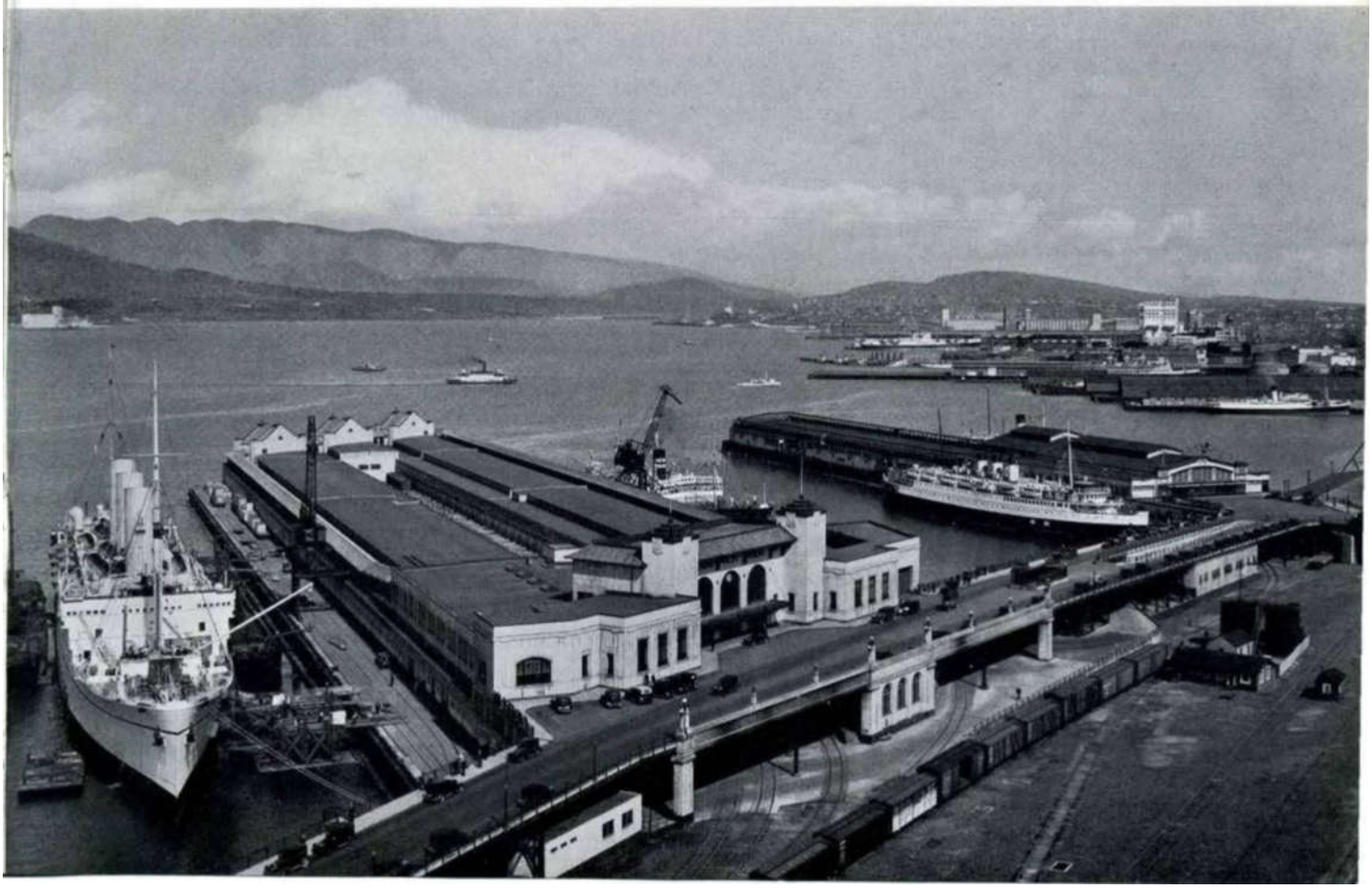
And in the spring of 1912, the Company were discussing plans for a new and modern department store. The old stand was becoming totally inadequate to handle the rush of business.

Construction commenced in 1913. Here was a new idea in business buildings; a handsome structure faced with cream terra cotta and towering Corinthian columns. It was six storeys in height and housed forty-seven departments. For twelve years this store served, and in 1925 arrangements were made for a further addition.

The old store, for it was regarded as such by this time, carried on the business while construction was being rushed on the new addition. In 1926 the red brick store was demolished to make way for its successor. To-day, nearly ten and one-half acres of selling space are under its roof, and they are occupied by approximately sixty departments with fifteen hundred employees. And there isn't a modern innovation known to the retail trade that fails to find a use here.

So "The Bay" has grown with Vancouver. The city to-day, with a population of 270,000 stretches far down the shores of Burrard Inlet, and all year long the sturdy cargo ships and stately liners come and go. They sail away with wheat from the Canadian prairies, lumber and logs from the coast province, automobiles from the east. . . . They return with the exotic products of the Orient. And in the long lines of counters at the store on Granville Street, the brilliance and variety of their cargoes is reflected.

Vancouver's beautiful harbour, from the Marine Building. Left, the C.P.R. liner, "Empress of Japan." Leonard Frank.



BOOK REVIEWS

THE LAST BUFFALO HUNTER, by Mary Weekes, as told to her by Norbert Welsh. 304 pages. Thomas Nelson & Sons, 1939.

MRS. WEEKES' stories of the West in the old days are well known to *Beaver* readers. Most of them have been related to her by Chief Trader King, but two of them (Outfit 264) concerned Norbert Welsh, blind old trader who hunted the buffalo in the days of their abundance, and who saw the thundering herds dwindle and fade before the onslaught of repeating rifles. This book is made up of tales told to her by Trader Welsh.

Born in 1845 in what is now Winnipeg, he was the son and grandson of H B C men. He himself was a free trader, farmer, freighter, and rancher, as well as a buffalo hunter. Mrs. Weekes retells his tales simply and includes in them innumerable details which, while not contributing to the progress of the story, yet throw light on many interesting aspects of life on the prairies in those days. Few books reproduce that atmosphere of boundless freedom which must have characterized the prairies before the days of settlement. Grant's *Ocean to Ocean* is one of them. This book is another.

Some of the incidents as recalled by an old man and retold by his amanuensis seem a little hyperbolical—but these can be taken in the book's stride. Being part Indian, Welsh was able to mingle with and win the confidence of the red men more easily than if he had been wholly white. He knew Poundmaker and Starblanket as well as Riel, Dumont and Middleton and some of the first of the N.W.M.P. A few of his remarks on these men will bear quoting:

"Middleton was a fellow who had a great opinion of himself. The war he was sent out to conduct was not a war at all, but a kind of bush skirmish." . . . "Of course Major Steele and Herchmer of the Police were the right men to put down Riel's uprising; and they did, though Middleton got the credit and twenty thousand dollars from the Government." . . . "I thought Riel was fine looking; but I thought also that he had more education than brains." . . .

Some of his remarks on the Company are also worth recording: "There were no finer men in the country than the Hudson's Bay Company factors. The Company was noted in this country, first for the quality of its men, and second for the quality of its goods."

There is also an intriguing item about blankets: "When an Indian went on the war-path, he tied a Hudson's Bay blanket around his neck, and strapped it lightly around his wrist, so that he could throw it down if attacked. Many of the warriors preferred Hudson's Bay blankets, for they were so warm and light. I had a great trade in them." And there follows a tribute to their quality which only modesty prevents us from quoting. . . .

Mrs. Weekes is certainly to be congratulated on setting down these reminiscences of days that are gone forever, and future prairie historians will owe her a debt of gratitude.—*C.W.*

HERE WAS VINLAND. By James W. Curran, author and publisher, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, 1939.

MR. CURRAN has been for many years editor of the *Sault Daily Star*. He is also an astute publicist. Several years ago he started a newspaper controversy on the man-eating tendencies of Algoma wolves, and before it was over, he had won a great deal of free publicity for the district of which Sault Ste. Marie is the chief (and only) city.

He now turns, with all the enthusiastic abandon of the amateur historian, to the question of Vinland of the Norse sagas. For years it has been believed by the experts that Vinland was on the Atlantic coast. But the finding of Norse relics at Beardmore in Ontario gave Mr. Curran the bright idea that Vinland was the region about the Great Lakes, and in this book he gives all the reasons he can muster in support of this theory—and none against it.

He warns the reader, however, that he is "a strict amateur in archaeology" passing out a new idea "with possibly some fairish arguments to support it." And having done so, he calls on the professional historians to do their part. But considering the amount of reading Mr. Curran has evidently done on the subject, one might reasonably ask that his approach be more critical. His proof too often rests on assumptions. Frequently he refers to the remains of a Norseman found with the Beardmore relics—remains which unfortunately have not yet been discovered.

But in spite of this unscientific treatment, the average reader will probably learn a great deal (as this one did) about the early Norse connection with America, and the so-called Norse relics found between Beardmore and Sodus Bay, N.Y. And it will undoubtedly encourage him to take a livelier interest in an absorbing subject.

FURS TO FURROWS: An epic of Rugged Individualism. By Sydney Greenbie. The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, 1939.

THIS book, as the jacket tells us, "is the story of life beyond the frontier before the plow engraved *United States* upon the West." It is neither a narrative, description, nor an analysis of the fur trading frontier. The author states that he has "sought the psychology of the trapper and his relations to civilization." This fur trading frontier, he contends, is the "source of American spirit and strength, and rugged individualism, it is the very essence of our greatness. It is a force let loose in the world more powerful than dictatorship, more permanent than totalitarianism. It is the oldest political factor in the modern world."

Insofar as Mr. Greenbie draws his inspiration from a narrative, it is that of the American fur trade west of the Mississippi in the period from 1820 until the middle of the century. On a few occasions however he

reaches out into the Canadian trade for an illustration. David Thompson appears several times, and the Selkirk Settlement at least once. The Hudson's Bay Company also figures in the picture, but largely through its activities in the Oregon Territory.

The high lights of the fur trade west of the Mississippi from Rezanov and his Russian associates to the establishment of the great base at St. Louis, and the rendezvous at South Pass, are flashed through the book. Such great names as those of Ledyard, Pike, Lisa, Ashley and Colter all appear, but in each case merely to illustrate the author's thesis—that American individualism is rooted in the fur trade.

From the time of the Louisiana purchase, Mr. Greenbie maintains that "it was the China trade which greatly stimulated this advancement across the continent, that but for the China trade and the fur trade, the northwest coast would not have sprung into such ready importance; and without the fur trade and the China trade, the dullards in the East would have let slip the opportunity of making this a nation from sea to sea." Hence Lewis and Clarke share with John Jacob Astor the heroes' roles.

The most valuable portions of the book, and these are often all but concealed in irrelevant material, relate to the Indian economy and culture. The influence of the horse on the tribes of the plains was revolutionary, and second only to that of the firearms acquired from the white traders. The author contends that the profits of the early fur trade made possible a standard of living for the natives which could not be maintained in the face of decreasing fur supplies, and that theft, pillage and inter-tribal wars were the inevitable consequence. The white man provided the native with the weapons to destroy the old way of life, without making it possible for the Indian to adjust himself to an agricultural civilization. The reservation system, which was an attempt to make this transition feasible, failed because "the whites neither destroyed nor saved the savage."

The author thinks historians are a pretty dull and pedestrian lot. One must admit that most historians certainly do not permit themselves the same liberties that Mr. Greenbie takes unto himself. "Is the historian only to string along his facts, and see nothing behind them? Does that seeing make the historian a romancer or a mystic? What stupid dogma to impose upon the story of man!" Unfortunately in this book the line between interpretation and occult power is not always as clear as it might be. The style, which occasionally is rather obtuse, tends to further this confusion. An extreme example of this appears on page 81: "On the other side of the still unknown Pacific Ocean, in which once lay the restless moon, and to all of whom Jefferson had given his explorers a generous letter of credit in behalf of the Government of the United States, incalculable millions crawled about in their hideouts."

Over forty items of Canadiana are listed in the bibliography, but this material has not been used extensively. The author's attempt to illustrate the clash of interest between trapper and settler, from the relations of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Selkirk settlement, is unfortunate as far as his general thesis is concerned.

Mr. Greenbie's book makes interesting reading, but one questions whether it adds much that is new, in fact or interpretation, to the story of the American fur trading frontier.—*R. O. MacFarlane.*

NORTH AGAIN FOR GOLD. By Edgar Laytha. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, 1939.

BY far the best thing yet written on Canada's new North, and spotted with excellent pictures by "Lifeographer" Herbert Gehr. Starting with the development of Gilbert LaBine's radium mine, Eldorado, on Great Bear Lake, the book takes in Yellowknife's gold rush, a journey to the Arctic, and, most important, a comprehensive character study of Indians and white inhabitants of the north.

The story starts with Mr. LaBine's search for silver and discovery of a radium mine that has broken Belgium's monopoly of the greatest cancer cure yet known. This discovery in itself is a wonderful achievement; but something that may prove even greater is that it was the beginning of large-scale mining development in Canada's North West Territories. After the opening of this mine prospectors began to filter into the land, some stopping along the shores of Great Slave Lake, some along Lake Athabaska. Gold was found in large quantities at Yellowknife and Goldfields.

The story of the rush of people hoping for riches is now history, as every newspaper in Canada and United States carried thrilling news of great finds. However, as Author Laytha points out, the country isn't suitable for individual development. So it took the already large mining concerns to come to the field with their money and modern methods to build producing mines. Consolidated Mining and Smelting are biggest by far, with producing mines at Goldfields and Yellowknife and another rapidly reaching production at Yellowknife.

Most of the prospectors who staked claims close to blocks held by large corporations turned them over quickly at good profits. However, hundreds were disappointed, the same hundreds who were looking for another Klondyke where gold could simply be scooped out of the streams. Yellowknife boomed; a hotel, a newspaper, a theatre, bakeries, laundries, water taxis, and the inevitable Glamour Alley, sprang up in quick succession. By the time war broke out in September business had begun to decline, and now many of the formerly prosperous men and women have left the settlement.

Edgar Laytha speaks briefly of the Company's part in the change; of their ancient desire to keep the country for Indians, and for fur, their gold since 1670. Yet he says in Yellowknife the Company does a larger volume of business with whites than with aborigines. "It is nonsense to talk of the eclipse of the Hudson's Bay Company when you mean the eclipse of the Honourable Company's power. Their traders' three hundred years of pioneering in the North have not been in vain. The primitive trading posts of daring adventurers became the first modern chain store system in the northern wilderness. They will grow with the new empire, for nobody is better adapted than they to cater to the needs of newcomers there."

Aside from the development of the country, Edgar Laytha pictures the intense loneliness to which miners are subjected, and their diversions. There is an excellent study of Flying Bishop Breynat and his work.

North Again For Gold is a story of the North as an outsider really sees it, not as it is depicted by romantic arm-chair travellers. Pictures and story together will bring about a greater general knowledge of Canada's North, and will help explode fantastic dreams that have grown to be "facts" to laymen.—*J.G.W.B.*

Building a Snow House

Pictures by William Gibson and John G. Cormack

THIS series of pictures shows how Eskimos build their snow houses—commonly known as igloos. Although all snow houses are igloos, all igloos aren't snow houses. To quote Chief Trader William Gibson, who took the pictures that are reproduced on this page:

"Out of a total Eskimo population of thirty to thirty-five thousand, only some six thousand live in the snow house proper. The snow house as a permanent dwelling is typical of the Canadian Eskimos only, excepting the Mackenzie Delta group. It is used in Greenland only by travellers, and then very rarely. Alaskan Eskimos have never seen a snow house and have no idea how one is constructed."

However, if any of them are subscribers to this issue of *The Beaver* they'll soon find out. . . .

1. Father cuts the blocks out of the wind-packed snow with a saw, and builds them up around himself in a spiral, shaping them with his snow-knife. Mother shovels snow against the outside.

2. Another layer of blocks, and more shovelling, while two puppies play.

3. Layer number three, and the walls begin to lean inwards.

4. As the shadows lengthen, the dome begins to take shape. It will be completed by a key block on the very top. W. Gibson.

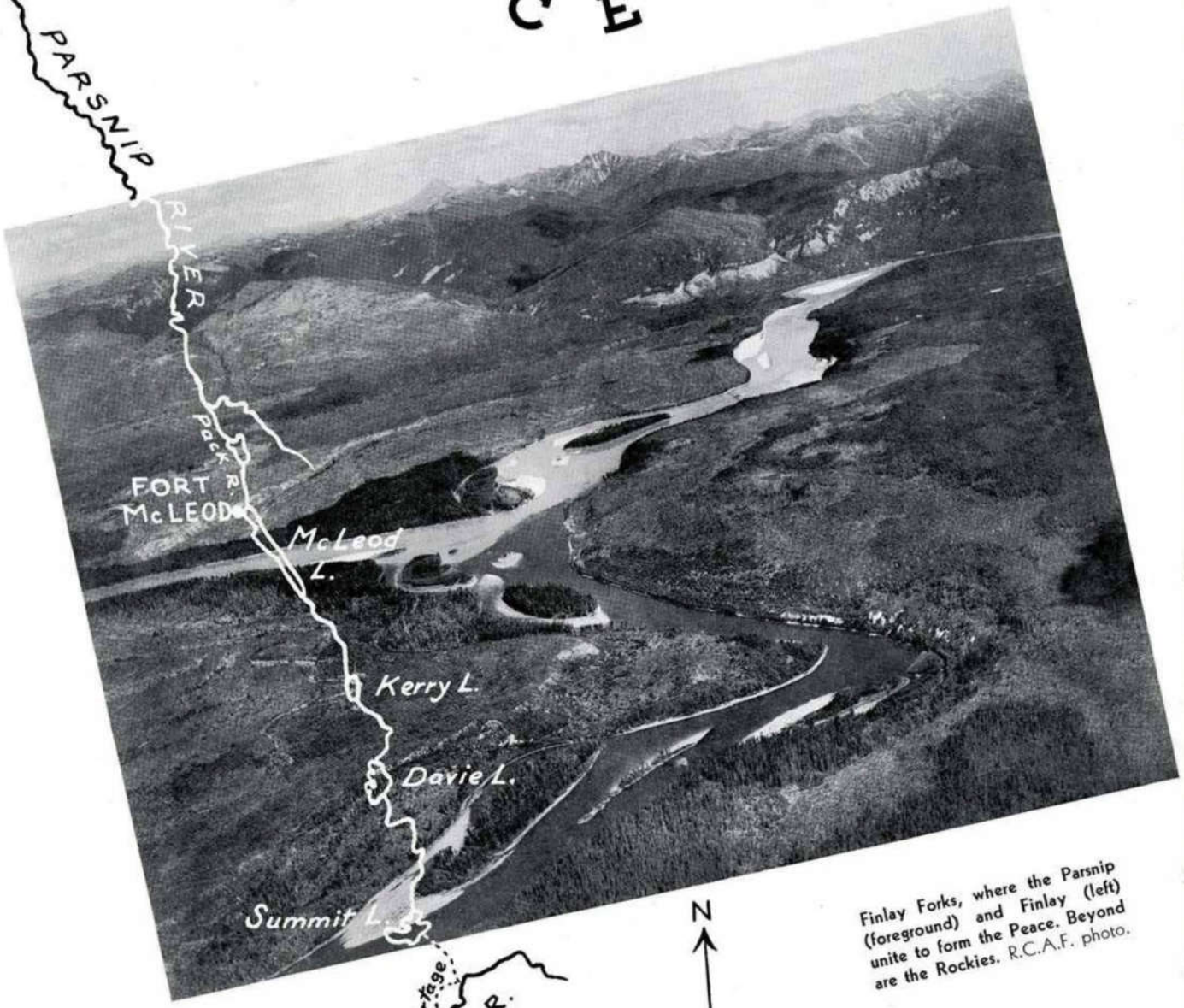
Where the snow is unsuitable, it has to be brought from a distance on a komatik. These Eskimos, newly arrived at Clyde post, are building a camp.

Below: It's child's play! Little Angootiapik on the left is cutting out blocks about ten inches thick and as deep as the saw is long. These are for the windbreak.

Below: Baffin Island Eskimos stand beside a newly finished job. Note its spiral construction.

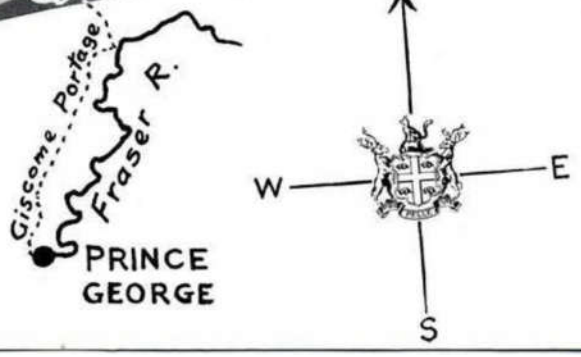
"Permanent" igloos, having a windbreak approach and a porch (with a storeroom on the side) leading into the main living room with its raised floor. The window on the left hand house, near the saw, is of ice. J. G. Cormack.

CANOEING DOWN PEACE RIVER



Finlay Forks, where the Parsnip (foreground) and Finlay (left) unite to form the Peace. Beyond are the Rockies. R.C.A.F. photo.

Arthur P. Woollacott
F.R.G.S.



PEACE River is one of the most interesting canoe routes through the wilderness of northwest Canada. A descent of this great waterway combines all the thrills of the wilds in the way of hunting, fishing, photography, human interest and scenic beauty.

Detraining at Prince George, in central British Columbia, canoe and supplies are carried by wagon over Giscome Portage to Summit lake forty miles north, a pretty island-studded summer resort for the residents of Prince George. Such famous early explorers as Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Simon Fraser, Governor Sir George Simpson and other North West and Hudson's Bay Company men passed this way in their transcontinental canoe journeys from York Factory and Montreal to the Pacific.

The country is more or less open, with heavier forest covering in the river valleys, affording very pleasant travelling. But as it was midsummer when we made the trip, the air was literally filled with mosquitoes, menacing clouds of them, giving forth a high, metallic, reverberating hum. We were protected by veils and gloves; but the old-timers, seasoned to such things, brushed them off hands and face now and then in a deliberate routine way without any appearance of annoyance, at which we marvelled. Deer flies came at us with the whizz of a bullet, snatching a vicious bite in the fraction of a second before we could swat them, and sand flies crept into the corners of the eyes and other inconvenient places and had to be quickly wiped out to prevent maddening irritation. I've seen men actually weeping with rage and exasperation from the onslaughts of flies. When moving over the water, however, one is fairly free of them. Smudges in camp help to mitigate the nuisance.

Leaving Summit lake by a narrow, boulder-strewn stream, where the rocks were marked with paint off the bottoms of canoes that had preceded us, we began the tortuous descent of Crooked river leading north to McLeod lake. Its hair-pin bends were numerous; but there were also beautiful stretches of still, lake-like expansions, such as Kerry and Davie lakes, each with its trappers' cabins in a glorious scenic setting.

Dark spruces formed the background, with the fringe of rushes, and mountains in the cool distance, with the peace and freshness of the wilderness over all; perhaps a moose wading out among the lily-pads, or coyotes yammering in the forest. We heard crashings in the forest as if moose were startled by our passing. There were signs of beaver, black and grizzly bears all the way down, but as it was not the hunting season we did not follow up their spoors.

It was July and the river was still high. Once, owing to the inexperience of my canoe man, we were swept suddenly sideways by the swift water under overhanging alders. Everything not tied down went overboard. My companion's shirt was torn from his back, and we saved ourselves only by crouching low. Again, we ran suddenly into a double hair-pin curve, so short in the turns that, at that speed, it was impossible to negotiate them, especially since the loaded canoe had only six inches of freeboard. By jumping out and holding the canoe we were able to ease it down by hand, and so avoided an upset.

Here and there along the shores were sleds and snowshoes abandoned in the past by parties caught by the spring thaw.

Gliding through the forested valley, with glimpses of distant mountains on either hand, we came at last to McLeod lake. Fort McLeod at its northern end, established by Simon Fraser of the North West Company in 1805, was the first abode of white men west of the Rockies. Only a few miles separate this eighteen-mile lake from the Parsnip, the main branch of the Peace. A trail from Fort St. James crosses here to the Peace river country, used time out of mind by the Indian tribes in war raids and trading expeditions.

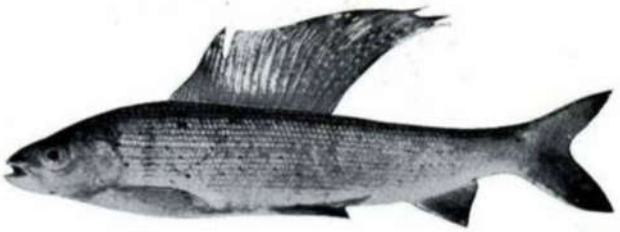
We had an excellent dinner with the post manager at Fort McLeod, an historic log building which has sheltered hundreds of the men of the North—fur-traders, explorers, surveyors, miners, missionaries, government officials and others. The post manager was despatching tons of merchandise in large, double-end, rough plank boats down Parsnip river and up the Finlay three hundred miles to Fort Grahame. Later we were to help in transferring that cargo at Finlay Forks to smaller boats.

Near the outlet of the lake we met a real old-timer, bearded and shaggy. It was surprising how many old fellows of his type we met in the course of the trip, and every one of them had an interesting life story. This man, a native of Devon, had not been outside for many years, not indeed since he entered the country to search for gold in the late '70's. He had never seen a railway, and regarded us with sly humour, probably thinking that we were the ones to be pitied. His vegetable and flower gardens were flourishing, fishing was always good, and hunting and trapping remunerative. With such simple interests and a mind free from all the complexities of civilization he, like scores of others in the country, was content to let the world go by.

After entering Pack river we made quick time to the Parsnip. When Sir Alexander Mackenzie ascended this river in his historic canoe journey from Montreal to the Pacific in 1793, he missed the Pack. Otherwise he would have had a much easier time reaching the Fraser by way of Giscome Portage, instead of descending Bad river and being wrecked there.

The Parsnip caught us and whirled us along at an eight- or ten-mile clip. The water from the glaciers of the Rockies was filled with sand which boiled up under the canoe with a sizzling sound. We descended the hundred miles of this river to Finlay Junction in ten hours. Speaking of this part of the Parsnip, Mackenzie

Arctic Trout



says: "We were seven days going up that part of the river which we came down today." That was on the homeward journey from Bella Coola on the Pacific to the fort on the Peace which they had left early that year. He had completed the first crossing of the North American continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific north of Mexico, and the party was in great spirits, after their arduous exploits of the summer, on reaching this home stretch down stream all the way.

All along the route were numerous trappers' cabins, some not much bigger than the longest and widest dimensions of a big man, others roomy and comfortable. The latter contained a sleeping place, a stove, a stool and a shelf-like table. A trapper could lie in bed when the temperature was below zero, reach over to his stove, cook his breakfast and eat it there without getting out of his blankets. The walls inside and out were decorated with antlers, horns, ears, tails and other parts of all the animals the trapper was in the habit of catching, and these habitations and their surroundings were strong with the odour of beasts. Most of the cabins were unoccupied when we saw them; their owners had gone to town in true frontier fashion to spend their earnings in the way such men enjoy after the strenuous work of the winter trapline.

The doors were always unlocked, and often there was a scrawled invitation to make oneself at home. Some of these were humorous, and some frankly ribald. We put up in several of the best, leaving our names and a token of our appreciation. Nearly all these men are well known in the North, accustomed to travelling long distances by canoe for themselves or as guides to hunting and fishing parties.

In the lower part of the Parsnip we began to get glimpses of the Rockies, which culminate at Finlay Forks in Mount Selwyn, overhanging the Peace. This forested valley in which we had been travelling is the Rocky Mountain Trench, continuous all the way from the United States to the Yukon, and occupied in different parts by the Columbia, the Fraser, the Parsnip, the Finlay and the Liard. This is one of the proposed paths for the United States–Alaska Highway, as it is a water-level route all the way.

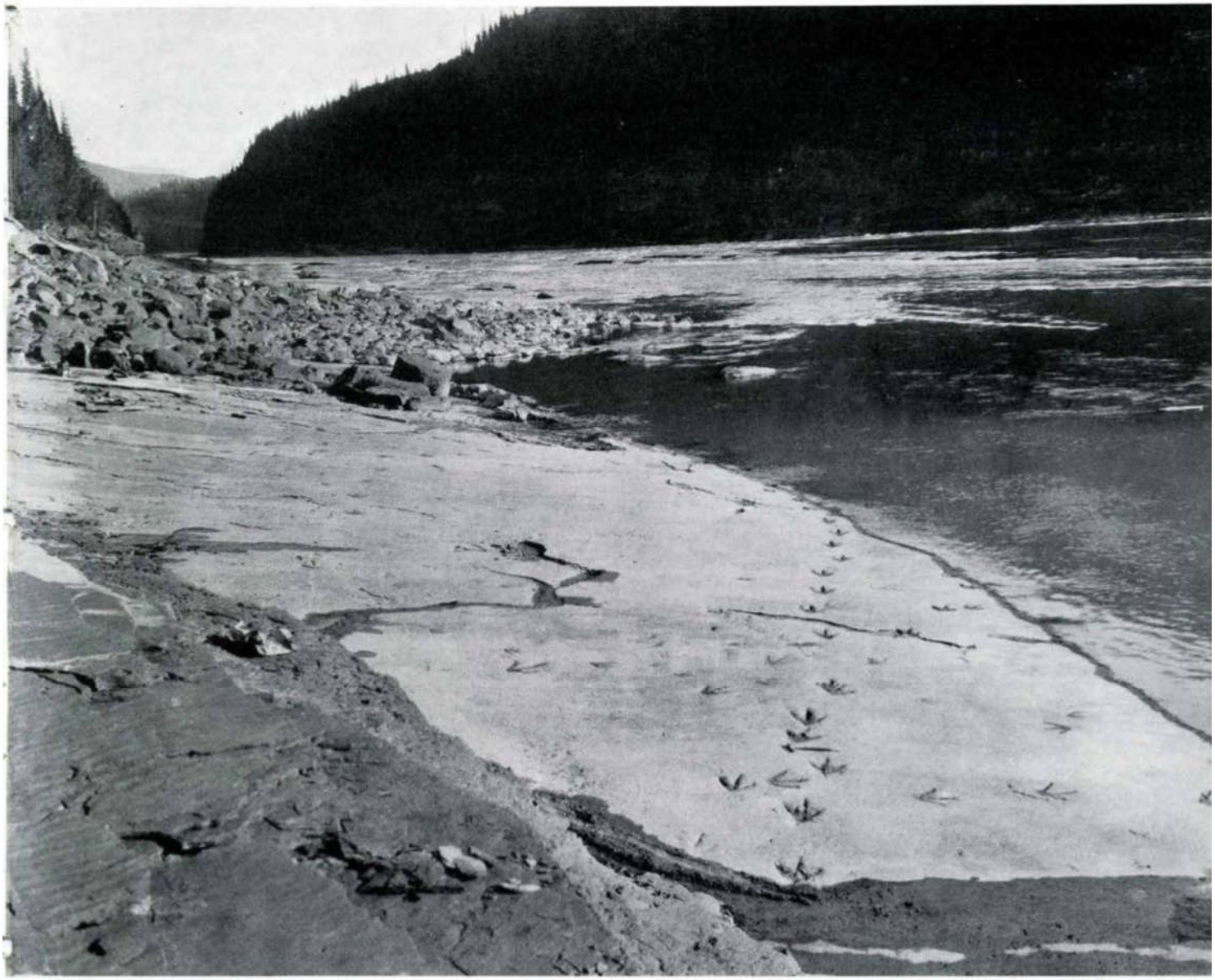
At the forks we spent a week looking around, visiting Pete Toy's bar, from which sixty thousand dollars in gold dust was taken out in the early days. The Peace valley crosses the Rocky Mountain Trench at right angles here, and railways will inevitably cross each other at this point in more populous days to come.

While we were at the Forks an uncouth individual landed from the Finlay, another of those bearded, shaggy old-timers. He had come from Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie over five hundred miles away, travelling for a group of New York financiers looking for potash deposits. Ascending the Liard and its branch, the Nelson, he had abandoned his canoe, hiked across the Rockies—very low here—and descended the Quadacha in a moose-hide boat, which he had improvised, to Fort Grahame, where he secured a boat. He was now on his way down to Peace River Crossing, two hundred miles below, to entrain for New York. Later, when at the Crossing, I was accosted by a dapper well-dressed man, who introduced himself as the man we had met at the Forks. He had been to New York and was now on his way back to repeat the performance.

As this is a grizzly bear country, the storekeeper never went into his garden and fields without taking a loaded rifle with him, and he was careful always to keep it within reach. A homesteader that day said that grizzlies had walked around his tent the night before. With the storekeeper for protection, we went to the mouth of Manson creek to fish. There in the sand in the river flat I saw a moose track, winding among the brush; he had been browsing. Following in a very direct and business-like way was a grizzly track, the pads measuring ten inches across.

While we were at the Forks a provincial government railway engineer came in from Vanderhoof with a pack train, carrying among other things a heavy cast-iron stove, much to the amusement of the men of the backwoods who are accustomed to cooking over a camp fire. As he could not use the animals any further, instead of sending them back the way they came, he sent them down the Peace, the first pack train ever to attempt that route. Many of them were killed on the way down, slipping into the water from cliffs and

Mount Selwyn near Finlay Forks



Geological Survey photo.

Dinosaur tracks in the canyon. The 18-inch hammer where they cross gives the scale.

breaking legs. The leader was a little stallion. I well remember the utter surprise of the little crowd that watched them as they entered the water to swim across to the other side. The leader calmly walked in, and continued out of sight and was never seen again. The others went on and never seemed to miss him.

Turning east, the combined waters of the Parsnip and the Finlay forming the Peace flow through the gorge of the Rockies under the shadow of Mount Selwyn. The scenery is magnificent, and for three hours while drifting through at six and eight miles an hour the traveller is more or less in a maze from a sheer surfeit of grandeur. From the summit of Mount Selwyn (6,220 feet) the Peace may be seen flowing eastward under bridges of mist, a mighty river, a full vertical mile below, sweeping in majestic curves through a mountainous trough that leads to the prairie lands of Alberta. In every direction range after range extends, somewhat softened by purple mists, an impressive panorama of billows standing rigid in the convulsive grimace of the Earth's crust.

Trout fishing may be had wherever a torrent enters the Peace. The Arctic trout is particularly plentiful at such places. It is a beautifully marked fish from ten to fourteen inches long, with brilliant scales and a dorsal fin sticking up as high as the body is deep. While the water is boiling for tea it is possible to catch sufficient for even a large party.

Easing my canoe down Finlay rapids, I began the trip through the Rockies. At Parle Pas rapids, named by Mackenzie's voyageurs, I again let the canoe down from the shore. Seen from below, this rapid has quite a formidable look. From above however it justifies its name, *Le rapide qui ne parle pas*, that is, gives no notice that a danger spot is near.

How can I describe the impressions and thoughts induced by the panorama of foothills, gradually decreasing in height, forested and grass-covered, that unfolded in the next hundred miles? It is entirely beyond me, one of those personal experiences which one cannot communicate.

Travellers have counted as many as thirty black bears in a day. I saw two, and although they were about a thousand feet up, when I shouted they started rolling up-hill, or so their comical antics made it appear.

Gradually the hills became lower and more grassy. At Carbon river, famous for its undeveloped coal fields, I met Mrs. "Carbon" Jones, wife of the frontiersman of that name. They had a neat cottage in the bush, surrounded by a garden of raspberries, and, like all trappers' homes, there were animal evidences everywhere. Mrs. Jones, an Englishwoman, told us to help ourselves to raspberries, which we did with a will. Learning that Mrs. Jones wanted to go to town, that is to Brannan's Flats, about six miles down stream where a New York outfit was doing some gold-washing, I offered to take her down.

As she was stepping into the canoe, she paused. I thought she had left her purse behind. "Wait a bit!" she said quite casually. "I forgot to set the bear traps!" So she was absent for fifteen minutes setting the bear traps to protect her raspberries from raids by the bears, which were always in the offing waiting their chance. While at Brannan's Flats we were roused during the night by men shouting and several shots fired. In the morning we learned that a grizzly had killed a horse not far from the spot where ten men of our party were sleeping on the ground, in scattered formation, without tents.

At Peace River Canyon, referred to by Mackenzie as the "Rocky Mountain Portage," our canoe and outfit were carried by wagon fourteen miles to Hudson Hope to circumvent this obstruction to the navigation of the Peace. No one before or since Mackenzie's time ever attempted to take boats or canoes through this twenty-five mile stretch of foaming rapids and cataracts flowing between vertical walls. As the water was low, I ascended the canyon from the lower end to view the dinosaur tracks visible at this stage of water on the sloping rocky bed. Visitors without geological knowledge suppose that dinosaurs made these tracks in the present river bed. The story however goes back perhaps sixty million years when an inland sea occupied the central plains. Countless dinosaurs from twenty to forty feet in length flourished in the shallow swamps that bordered these seas. In the case of the animals which made the tracks now visible in Peace River Canyon, they flourished in similar swamps, the mud of which hardened, and was eventually covered by several hundred feet of sediment. That in turn was converted into rock. The Peace river, in its long history of erosion, cut a channel down through that several hundred feet of rock, and so at last exposed the old swamp horizon with its dinosaur tracks.

The further one descends the Peace, the safer and pleasanter the travelling becomes. We passed through Peace River Block in British Columbia, which contains about three million acres of fine land. Horses winter in the open, and tomatoes ripen in the fields. Below Fort St. John I crossed the boundary into Alberta on a foggy morning, stern first, down the river, not knowing where I was going until the sun dispersed the fog.

Above Dunvegan a gasoline scow was stranded in mid-stream, with a party of four men and six young girls camped on shore without food. My beans and bacon and tea were very welcome to these hungry people. In the morning, with the aid of the canoe and the ropes, the scow was freed and we all travelled together to Dunvegan. The six girls, with their father, had started on a raft from Fort St. John for Peace River Crossing with insufficient food and had been stranded. They were picked up by the scow, which became stranded in its turn.

Travelling by raft is quite common here and usually safe. I passed an old lady sitting on her baggage going down with her son as pilot. She was on her way to Scotland, and would no doubt have tales to tell when she got there.

Between Dunvegan and the Crossing on the north side is a tract of land known as "Alberta's million-acre farm." There are motor roads all through this section, and fine homesteads on both sides of the river. A railway runs from Edmonton to both Peace River and Grande Prairie.

The town of Peace River Crossing, as the old-timers like to call it, is the most important town north of Edmonton. The river is crossed here by a million-dollar steel bridge.

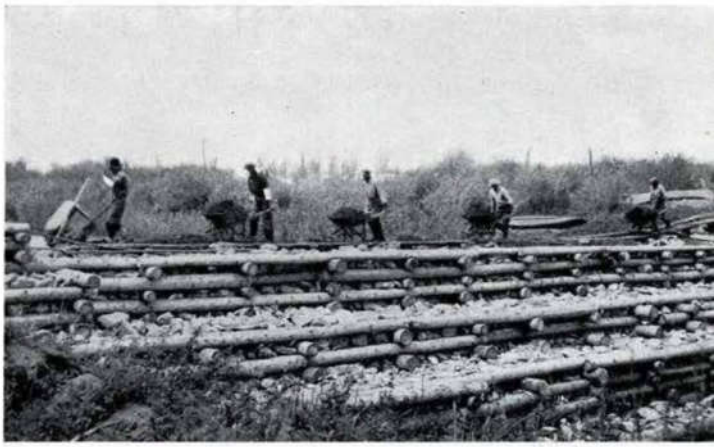
The canoe trip I have briefly described can be made in safety and comfort in a week or ten days from railhead to railhead by employing expert river men at Prince George, who supply the kind of boat and outboard motor used on this river. It may be done any time between early June and late September, but August and September are the best months of all.

CONSERVATION at CUMBERLAND

by Donald Denmark

Beginning Birch River dam in January.

The face of Birch dam in March, before the water rose.



Dumping clay filling into Birch dam.

THE Cumberland House district has always been good country for muskrats. The lakes are shallow, and the marshes full of cat-tails and bulrushes, which form their chief food. Samuel Hearne was doubtless well aware of this when he established the post on Pine Island (now Cumberland) Lake in 1774, and old journals and letters written from there testify to the rats' abundance. Just a century ago, Chief Factor J. L. Lewes, then in charge of the district, wrote that he had collected fifty-two thousand musquash skins; but this, he lamented, was twenty thousand under the previous year, because he had been enforcing conservation.

Conservation at Cumberland then, however, was very different to conservation to-day. In 1839 it consisted of preventing the Indians from trapping in the summer. In 1939 it consisted of large-scale operations, employing over fifty men and a dragline, to build dams and dig canals; and it has lately included the services of a biologist to study the causes of muskrat disease.

There are two chief factors responsible for the seven- to ten-year cycles in muskrat production which occur whether they are being trapped or not. Floods during the breeding season destroy the young, driven from their shelters by rising water and unable to swim a great distance. Drought allows lakes and marshes to freeze to the bottom during severe winters with consequent loss of musquash from starvation. Disease is a possible third factor. When trapping is not too extensive, and droughts and floods not too frequent, these cycles are fairly regular, and the recovery from a low cycle is rapid.

In 1900, apparently a peak year, the Company bought 105,779 muskrat pelts at Cumberland House. But in recent years, overtrapping and continued low water have caused serious depletion there. In 1920 there was a tremendous rise in fur prices and muskrat skins were sold for as much as five dollars. Naturally these prices attracted more than the usual number of trappers and trapping grounds were crowded. The natives found their favourite spots invaded by white men who engaged in a race to get their muskrats while they could. Again, the depression in 1930 was the cause of an increase in the number of trappers, who were thrown out of their normal employment and turned to trapping as a source of livelihood. The worst factor was the series of dry years following 1930, which resulted in the lowering of water levels in the marshes. The Saskatchewan River was very low in 1936, and in 1937 the usual summer high water on the river did not materialize. Lack of flooding and rainfall left the marshes so low that marsh fires were seen in July and by freeze-up there was only a foot or two of water in marshes which are usually three or four feet deep.

These abnormal conditions played havoc with the muskrat population, and this in turn affected the resi-

dents of the district. Little fine fur is trapped there, so they depend largely on the muskrat catch for a livelihood.

Realizing the serious condition of the natives owing to this depletion, the Company in 1936 negotiated, with the Government of Saskatchewan, a community lease for the residents of the district on thirty-two townships surrounding Cumberland Lake. The Company was empowered to restrict trapping if necessary and to prohibit trapping by non-residents.

In 1938, encouraged by the success of the muskrat development at Steeprock (*The Beaver*, June 1939), the Company requested a private lease at Cumberland House. An area of 300,000 acres, south of the Old Channel, was taken from the community lease and leased to the Company. As such it was possible for the Company to spend some money on much needed development. A preliminary survey was made during the summer, using available aerial photographs. Level lines were run where elevations were needed. It was found that the area held great promise for muskrat ranching but it was evident that water levels in the marshes had dropped two feet in the fifteen years prior to the survey, that several good muskrat lakes had dried up completely, and that it would be necessary to spend considerable money to restore the marshes to their former level. The survey party was able to confirm the report that mosquitoes are thick in the marshes.

In September, 1938, work was started on a small canal to carry water from the Saskatchewan River, in high water, to the marshes, which are so badly in need of water. The canal is a mile long, ten feet deep at the river bank and six feet wide at the bottom. Nine thousand eight hundred cubic yards of earth were excavated by shovel and wheelbarrow by fifty-two men from Cumberland House, who worked on a per yard basis. They finished it in a month, just before freeze-up. Some of the men dug as much as ten yards a day. As they brought their families—and dogs—it was a large and noisy camp.

To prevent poaching of muskrats, four local men were selected to act as game guardians on the lease from October till December. They were paid by the month, but were permitted to trap predatory animals, particularly mink, and were encouraged to kill owls. A count of muskrat houses was made by the game guardians. As the area has been the trapping ground of local people, they were allowed to trap there under permit. Mink and ermine formed the bulk of the catch. Protection was continued during the spring months of 1939, when six men were employed. No spring muskrat trapping was allowed on the lease, but local trappers made a fair catch on the community lease.

In December, 1938, the survey of the lease boundaries, which were township lines in unsurveyed territory, was undertaken. This included the survey of thirty miles of correction line, which made the total mileage 132. For marsh country we encountered a surprising amount of heavy timber, mostly on dry stream banks, and very heavy willows. The work was done on snowshoes and transportation was carried out with horses and horse-toboggans. Tents were used and camp was moved at intervals of ten days. During the survey, metal non-trespass signs were erected on the boundaries of the lease. Later we found that the bears had marked some of the signs with large claw scratches.

Another big and important piece of work was the construction of a rock crib overflow dam across the Birch River during the winter of 1938-1939, under the supervision of W. K. Gordon. Winter was chosen as the best time to do this work because materials must be hauled over marshy ground. The dam is 130 feet long, nineteen feet high in midstream and twenty-four feet wide at the base. Three hundred and twenty spruce logs for cribbing were cut and hauled three miles to the site. Eight thousand feet of lumber was hauled from The Pas, and over 600 tons of loose rock, which had been piled on the reefs of the Saskatchewan River in low water, was hauled eight miles to the site.

Cut Beaver canal finished in September.

Dragline at work on Cut Beaver canal, which will carry water from the Saskatchewan to flood the muskrat marshes.

One and a half tons of iron were used in the cribbing. The lower sections of the cribs were constructed on the ice; then the ice was cut and the cribs were dropped into six feet of water, built up and joined. The cribs were filled with rock and a double row of sheet piling was driven far below the bed of the stream. The work was done in cold weather, at a low cost, and there were no accidents in the handling of heavy material. As the Birch River drains most of the lease and we wish to retain part of the water, good results are expected from the building of Birch dam.

In the spring, excavation was begun on Cut Beaver canal, a larger canal at the upper end of the lease. Men from Cumberland House did the preliminary clearing, and during the winter the dragline was transported to the site. As it weighed forty-five tons, it had first to be dismantled and the parts hauled through the marshes.

Four months of digging by dragline resulted in a canal three miles long, twenty feet wide at the bottom and twelve feet deep at the bank of the Saskatchewan. Next summer this canal will carry fresh water from the river to flood the dried-up marshes.

Muskrats, however, will not be the only form of wildlife to benefit from the influx of water. Some families of beaver have been secured and placed on the lease in suitable streams, while ducks find in the marshes ideal breeding grounds, as well as protection from hunters. Large numbers of canvas-backs, mallards, pintails, bluebills, spoonbills and teals may be seen on the lease, where they are protected from shooting, and it is probable more ducks will nest there each year.

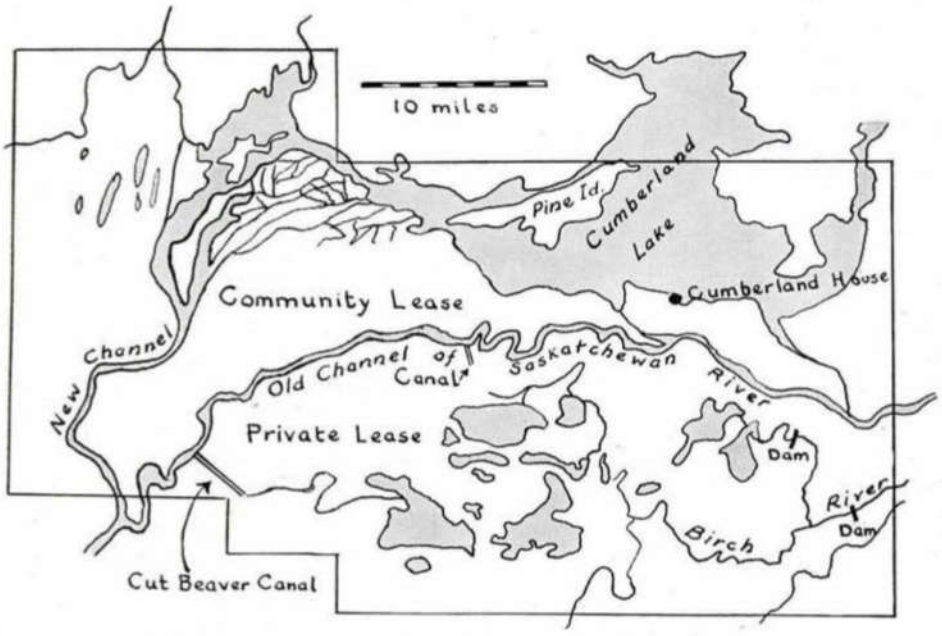
The construction of five patrol cabins is under way, logs being cut and peeled during the summer for this purpose. Lumber for roofing and flooring was rafted down the Saskatchewan during the summer from a sawmill near Nipawin.

After one season's protection, good results are to be seen on the lease in a very evident increase in the number of muskrats. A rigid policy of protection will be continued and that, combined with improved conditions owing to higher water levels throughout the leased area, enables us to look forward to the not-too-distant time when the local people will be allowed to trap muskrats on the lease under our supervision, sharing the proceeds with us so that we may repay the expenditure on the development.

Ducks breed in the newly-flooded areas.

Another dam was built across Willow Creek.

Dr. Leonard Butler, biologist, takes a baby musquash from its house.



The Old Channel of the Saskatchewan River divides the H B C Community Lease from the Private Lease. Since the breaking through of the New Channel, some 60 years ago, the flooding of the marshes has been less extensive.

DANCE of the SALISH

by H. Glynn-Ward

Chilkat blanket, woven by Pacific Coast Indians, in the HBC Historical Exhibit.

WE drove by night through the dark forest, and although it was one of the King's highways on Vancouver Island the road was deserted. We came at last to where the Indian reserve stretched away on either side of the road, to the west down to the seashore, to eastward up into a forest-covered hill. My Indian friend had told me there were to be doings at one of the smoke-houses here tonight in preparation for the grand gala dance to be held next week to celebrate the end of winter and the coming of spring.

But we didn't know where the smoke-house was. We enquired at the next place that showed a glimmer of light. But only an old Indian lay abed there, and he told us without interest that nothing was afoot, nothing at all. It was the sort of reply an Indian gives to most white men; so I was not as disappointed as my two companions.

Just then, standing there in the road by the car, I heard it faintly, borne inland by the sea breeze, and it sounded like the howling of a pack of coyotes, that and the drums, the beating and the rhythm of the drums. Then the others heard it too.

It came from down by the sea; so we drove back along the road until our headlights showed us a break in the hedge and a turning. We parked the car by the roadside and followed the lane on foot down the hill, guided only by our flashlight, for it was dark as pitch. And the howling grew nearer and nearer.

We came to more Indian houses, all dark. Then to a smoke-house, a big barn of a place with the light showing through the chinks; no doors but the one we came to, and that tight shut; no windows, and there were red sparks flying upward through a hole in the roof.

The drums had stopped, but those weird howls and sobs still came from within. I pushed the door open, and the scene that met our eyes I shall never forget.

The place was about sixty feet long, with a beaten earth floor. Towards the far end a great bonfire glowed and blazed, a fire the height of a tall man and wider than his arms could stretch, built squarely, the great logs neatly laid criss-cross. Round this red-hot mass a strange figure danced, posturing, its arms reaching out to the blaze.

On benches against the walls all round were Indians, the men at the end and on one side, the women and children on the other. They looked at us, then back again to the dancer, taking no further notice of our existence.

After a while the dancing figure retired and another came out to take its place, each one, however, always keeping up its own particular noise, whether howling, or a peculiar mewing sort of sob.

Every now and then an Indian sitting by the wall would give a signal and the drums would begin again, also every man had a short stick with a flat end which he beat on the bench before him, and they would all chant in unison, the dancer's feet keeping time to it all. Once inside the place the chanting and the howling and the drums began to acquire a not unpleasant sound, rather fascinating in some hypnotic way.

We began to note the weird dresses of the dancers, knowing that they are the heirlooms of the tribe and handed down through generations. These were of wild goat hair woven into ropes by the squaws, who spun the hair by rubbing it endlessly smooth over their bare knees; these cape-like ropes hung down from neck to knee and swayed with every movement. Their head-dresses (much prized) were of dyed strips of cedar bark—stripped in long strands from the young cedar in springtime—surmounted with wooden carvings; and the strips hung down over face and back alike.

I knew that these were the "new dancers" giving a final rehearsal for next week's ceremony. At the start of each winter several teen-age boys and girls are selected by the tribe as new dancers. Each one is sent out into the woods alone to "get power" and determine on the animal or bird or fish that is his kindred spirit and which thereafter he must emulate as nearly as possible in song and dance. It is thought that the kin-

dred spirit will drive out any demon existing in the new dancer's self, therefore the meanest characters among the youngsters—the *skulachan*—are usually chosen, for then when the season is over all meanness in these will have departed and they will have become amenable members of the tribe.

These new dancers have a rigorous training, and a woman is told off to look carefully after them. Every morning all through the winter they must go before dawn up the hill into the forest to where there is a pool that the Indians say is haunted by a monster with a head like a snake and a body like a lizard. Here they must bathe, while their "nurse" makes a fire to dry them when they come out. There they are dressed in the same dresses that they wear to dance, and now they must run all the way down the hill back to the village. They must do no work of any kind at all, but must spend their days practising their dance and the song or cries of their kindred spirit.

It was not until the next day, when I was watching the sea-gulls swoop and swerve over newly ploughed land, that the realization suddenly came to me that the cries of one of these dancers was strangely like the cries of the gulls. And it was so, my Indian friend told me; she was a sea-gull; another was the wild goose. Most of the male dancers take ferocious animals—the wolf, bear, cougar, and so on. Or their imaginations run riot among mythical dragons and dream-birds.

For a while the dancing stopped while the braves and elders held a council at the far end. Their faces glowed in the fire-blaze, for there was no other light in the place. It was now very quiet in the smoke-house: although children were there, one never heard a sound out of them, and if the women spoke among themselves it was in a low hushed tone. A man stood up to speak, and he stood not in front of all, but behind the benches, and the others sat listening and gazed into the fire. Indian voices, like those of all primitive races, are wonderfully soft and melodious, and it was interesting to listen to his low voice—he never raised it at all in speaking—delivering quite a long speech in Indian language, of which we could not understand a word.

But we knew afterwards he had been setting forth his ideas as to plans for the great dance to be held in the following week, and what tribes should be invited.

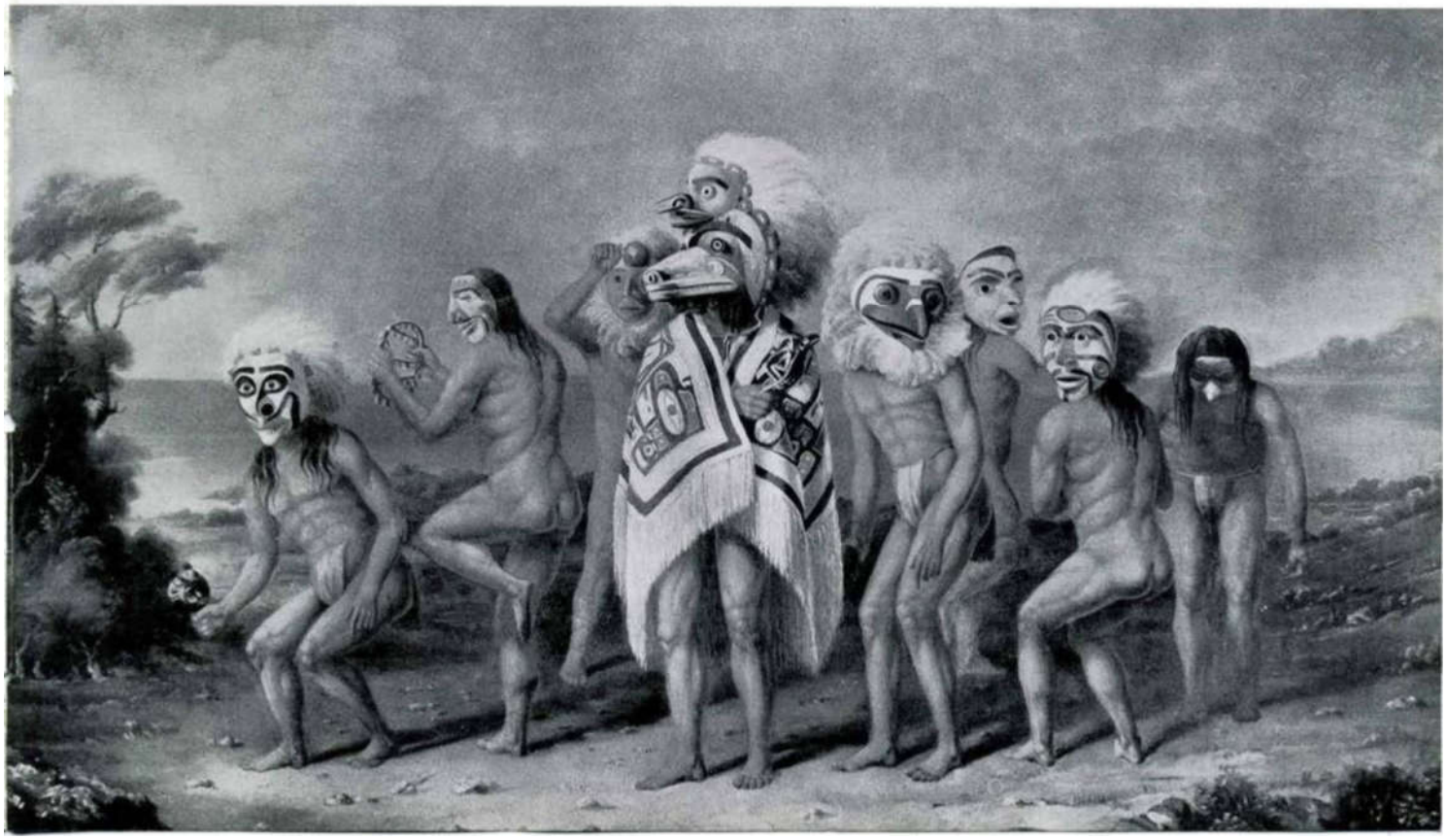
The dance was to be held here, in the reserve of the West Saanich, in their biggest smoke-house—a ninety-foot one—and the Malahats, on the opposite shores of the inlet, were to provide the food.

Invitations were sent out by telephone, but chiefly by word of mouth, to be passed on from one to the other, so that all might send representatives and their best dancers. Word went out far beyond the confines of Vancouver Island to all the friendly tribes of the Salish, one of the great linguistic divisions of the Pacific Coast Indians.

And on the day of the great dance Victoria streets were full of Indians on their way out to the West Saanich Reserve. They came by car or by specially chartered stage from up the island: the Malahats, the Cowichans, the Nanaimos, and those from Koksilah. They came in little gas-boats, chugging slowly up the long winding waterway that is Saanich Inlet, from the big reserve at Kuper Island, and from even farther north, from far Valdez Island forty miles away. They came in row-boats and by canoe. They even came from the State of Washington (as the Indians recognize no international boundaries), the Skagits and the Lummis, the Snohomish and the Swanamish, the Clallams from the Olympics; some of the Musqueams from the mouth of the Fraser, and some of the Squamish.

There must have been eight or nine hundred representatives of the various tribes, and during the dance they consumed two hundred loaves of bread. Not so long ago all their refreshments were Indian food: smoked salmon, clams, deer-meat and wild duck. But now that the white man has made these impossible by

Dance of the Coast Salish near Fort Victoria in 1847. One is wearing a Chilkat blanket. From the painting by Paul Kane, now in the Royal Ontario Museum.



Dancers on the reserve of the West Saanich, a branch of the Coast Salish. The streamers are of mountain goat's hair woven into ropes. Author photo.

licences and game-laws, they must eat white man's food, so coffee and sandwiches and oranges prevailed at the feast. One delicacy was obtainable, and that was fried octopus. My Indian friend, who helped to prepare this, tells me that you must first boil the brute to get the skin off, and peeling it sets up a terrible irritation on the fingers; then it is cut up and fried.

Some of the male dancers were in their ancient tribal warpaint, with black faces scarred across with red, eagle-feathers on their heads, robes decorated with shells that clinked with their movements. One was an eagle, making the various cries of the eagle—the triumphant battle-call, the warning cry, and the usual shrill whimper that comes so surprisingly from the great fish-eagle. He swooped and swerved with arms outstretched, he poised, fell prone, rose again, jumping high, illustrating all the big bird's actions.

Some of the young women looked beautiful with beaded bands across their foreheads, and their long black hair hanging in braids behind. They wore beaded costumes and mocassins. There was one old squaw, who must have weighed at least two hundred and seventy pounds, dancing and leaping about most ponderously, shrieking shrilly and obviously quite delighted with herself.

Some sang songs with words telling the story of their animal spirits that haunted them. One woman there was who kept holding her head with her hands and singing most musically, "*Anana-na skyas! Ohay, Ohay!*" ("Oh, my head, my head!")

Her story was this: She had gone far up into the mountains with her husband, who was hunting deer while she picked berries. Suddenly she came on a black bear that had been shot in the head, and it was holding its head with its paws and moaning. She fetched water and bandaged the head and bathed it, and the bear let her do anything she liked, and was quite tame all the while she tended it. Afterwards she adopted the spirit of the bear.

One man was a snake and hissed and wriggled on the ground, rearing himself to strike when the music of the drums was propitious. Some of them leapt and yelled madly round the fire.

But by dawn all was quiet once more. Before eight o'clock all the gas-boats were chugging patiently down the inlet on their long way home. Spring had come, and they must return to take up again that difficult problem of existence in the few hard ways that have been left to them by the white man.

No white person has ever yet been able to determine the exact meaning of these Indian dances, nor how great a part they play in the red man's life. From time to time one secures some additional item of information, and this only through gaining the confidence of an Indian, as I did.

I learnt, for instance, that the staves carried by all the dancers in costume were a sign of their strength. On initiation each one must root up a young sapling tree, the straighter the better, trim and decorate it. Also the "new dancers" of each season are by no means confined to teen-age youngsters.

One man in a reserve to the north of here fancied himself as very modern and up-to-date; he had never been "caught" for a dancer in all his twenty-seven years, so he ridiculed them, and made fun of their costumes.

He was big and strong, so thought himself safe. But one night they took him by stealth. There came a knock at his door, and when he answered it he was overpowered by four men, who bound him and put a cloth over his head. Then he was carried to the smoke-house to undergo the usual form of initiation.

He was strapped down in a bunk against the wall and a curtain of some sort put round him. For four days he was kept there, without food and without looking on any other person. All this time he was subjected to various trials to test his endurance, such as tickling or beating or pricking. Then food was brought, and this too was to test his strength. A smoked salmon was held out to him and he had to clutch it in his teeth and drag it from his keepers.

At the end of the fourth day he was carried out by the four keepers and tossed up and down in the air. By this time he was in a sort of a fit and gave tongue in the form of his chosen spirit. Then he was led up into the deep forest and left there to perfect his dance and song alone for several days. When he came down he was a dancer and had to adopt the costume, which he was not allowed to discard until the end of the season.

The foregoing instance might indicate that this dancing is used as a form of punishment. But this is by no means always the case. It seems to be a madness in their blood, inherited through the centuries and demanding expression. There are numerous cases of women waking in their sleep to howl or sob in the voice of their own peculiar spirit, and often this is followed up by some unidentified illness. At these times the others say: "She has the dancing madness. She must be taken for a dancer; that will make her well."

Even the crushed and stoic Indian must have his moments of outlet; so they hold their tribal dances at chosen places every season and keep alive their slowly dying traditions, which are neither more nor less than pagan rites, almost unbelievable as held on that day of grace March 23rd, in the year 1939, not twenty miles from the city of Victoria.

COLIN ROBERTSON'S CORRESPONDENCE BOOK

Published by the
Hudson's Bay Record Society

Reviewed by
Alice MacKay

Publication of this second volume of the Hudson's Bay Record Society, in association with the Champlain Society, has been delayed by war conditions. Proof sheets were rushed to Winnipeg, and hurried on their way back to England after a hasty scanning from which the following review was written. At the time of writing the books have not yet arrived, but we are assured they are on the way. The general editor of the Record Society volumes is E. E. Rich, of Cambridge University, and his assistant is R. H. Fleming, of Toronto University.

MORE than a year ago *The Beaver* described Sir George Simpson's initiation into the fur trade in Athabasca, recorded in his journal of 1820-21 which was the subject of the Record Society's first book. Now we have Colin Robertson's letters from September, 1817, to September, 1822, giving us the other side of the story. The result is a visible shrinkage in the halo of the Little Emperor and a corresponding enlargement of Colin Robertson's place in the history of the turbulent years that preceded the coalition of the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies.

Three men of the period influenced Canada's destiny: the Earl of Selkirk, Colin Robertson, and George Simpson. For Selkirk it was nearly the end of a tragic road. Robertson, as these letters show, spent the rest of his life trying to get what he believed was his due. Simpson went on to reap a magnificent harvest where the other two men had sown—one of them at the cost of his life and Robertson to the extinction of his career. All three were strategists in the dawn of western settlement, in the initial retreat of the fur trade, and in the policies of the Hudson's Bay Company. But it was Robertson who, as early as 1809, could foresee victory for Hudson's Bay at a time when most men doubted and the London Committee cold-footedly contemplated turning its forts into lumber camps and nebulous colonizing centres.

"In the final analysis of motive," writes Mr. Rich in his introduction, "it is probable that the venture which saved the Hudson's Bay Company from surrender, saved the Red River Colony, deflected the fur trade route from the St. Lawrence to the Bay and made possible the 'Empire' of George Simpson, was due to the fact that Colin Robertson was haunted by a desire to see himself a Montreal merchant."

Colin Robertson had served for six years in the North West Company when he became disgusted with it. He did the normal thing and resigned, and his employers gave him a friendly letter to help him on his way. Late in 1809 he was in London and laid before the Hudson's Bay Committee a plan by which he believed they could win the fur trade war. The London Committee of the time had not an intimate knowledge of conditions in Rupert's Land and they had formed an exaggerated estimate of the North West strength which Robertson tried to dissipate. The Committee blundered on until 1814 and then sent again for Robertson to put into action a modified form of the campaign he had recommended four years earlier. The Company made a fortunate choice. Robertson's vigour and knowledge supplied the enterprise they had hitherto lacked, gave them first hand and accurate information of both their own and their rival's position, and saved the Red River Settlement from extinction. Without this help, it becomes quite probable that the old Company would never have emerged from its torpor.

This book makes clear Colin Robertson's place in the whole stirring story. The man was no all-round hero, as the impartial general editor painstakingly chronicles. Robertson was capable of tremendous loyalty, especially to Selkirk. He had great courage and the capacity of enduring incredible hardship. He carried out immediate assignments brilliantly and he turned the campaign against the Nor'westers almost single-handed. But he was no administrator, and while he was fighting the battles of the Hudson's Bay Company, his own business sank into a morass of debts that were to haunt him the rest of his life. He got into endless trouble in the petty squabbles of fur trade centres until inevitably he was impaled on the cause of the very efficiency and 'oeconomy" which he was the first to introduce into the Company. At the same time, he was honest and kind and went to impossible lengths to look after his family and relatives and friends. When he died he left sufficient sympathizers to care for his seven children.

His letters, now published, are a series he had copied in 1837 in an effort to vindicate his claims on the Company. His initial undertaking in 1814 had been to go to Montreal and organize an expedition of Canadians for Hudson's Bay service in Athabasca. Having

launched that expedition, he hoped to be appointed the Montreal agent of the Company. Nothing turned out as he expected. Failing to enlist a leader for what could only be regarded as a perilous task, Robertson himself took this first Canadian brigade west to fight the battle of the English Company against the Montrealers.

The result is well known in Company history. Its sequel appears here for the first time. After the rival Companies sank their differences in the agreement of 1821, Robertson was awarded a chief factorship. From that time on, writes Mr. Rich, Simpson steadily undermined his position with the Committee until his reputation came to be that of a "blundering and inefficient muddler." The Governor-in-Chief shifted him to minor posts. In 1832 he suffered a stroke. Pensioned in 1841, he lived only one more year in which, surprisingly enough, he was a member of parliament. The Company had treated him fairly generously over the long span of years, but he died full of debts and a deep sense of injustice that his very real accomplishment towards the victory of 1821 would never be admitted. For this, the book of the Record Society makes ample amends.

Apart from the finely detailed account of these years before the union, the disclosures of pages in Simpson's life are the spiciest pages of the book. For instance there is the amazing story of the Athabasca Journal.

When Robertson reached Fort Wedderburn on Lake Athabaska in September, 1818, he requested Mr. Miles "to keep a correct account of all proceedings at this post." Robert Seaborn Miles was an accountant and writer, and he was again stationed at Wedderburn in the winter of 1820-21 when Simpson was there. (Subsequently he became a chief factor and Sheriff of Rupert's Land.) Nowhere in Simpson's journal or correspondence does he make acknowledgment of any help from Miles, although Mr. Rich states that part, if not a great deal of Simpson's Athabasca Journal was the work of Miles.

"This is the more singular not only because Simpson's Journal is extraordinarily mature right from the very moment when, new to the whole business, he embarked (with Miles) from Rock Depot, but also because there remain in the Hudson's Bay archives the first twenty days of a journal kept by Miles on that journey, and not only the sentiments but even the phrases are those of Simpson's journal. The remainder of the pages are (perhaps significantly) cut clean out from the copy-book in which Miles had written. The letters which Simpson included in his Journal do not, of course, appear in that kept by Miles."

This will be sad news for Little Emperor admirers, and there is just as sad news to follow.

Robertson married a halfbreed, Theresa Chalifoux, and their first son was born September 10, 1820. When the boy was five he took him home to England to be educated, but with his marriage he probably relinquished all intention to return to his Liverpool business, forsaken at the time he launched the Athabasca brigade. Simpson's first halfbreed child, a daughter, was born the same year as Robertson's legitimate son. In 1830 Simpson and his wife were at Oxford House where Robertson was stationed, and Simpson made sly note that they did not meet Mrs. Robertson. The following summer he wrote: "Robertson brought his bit of Brown with him to the Settlement this Spring in hopes that she would pick up a few English manners before visiting the civilized world; but it would not do—I told him distinctly the thing was impossible, which mortified him exceedingly. . . . He takes his departure I understand tomorrow mortified and chagrined beyond description. . . ."

This is Simpson, not Miles, writing for the London eye, and counting on the silence of the fur traders about his own private series of "bits of Brown" and his legendary number of children from such collaborations. It has not much place in history, nor did it have any place in the prosecution of Company business, but Simpson introduced it for his own purpose against a man who, whatever his faults, fought in the open and with fair weapons.

One more example. In the Book of Servants' Characters—another one-sided affair—Simpson wrote of Robertson about 1832:

"A frothy, trifling, conceited man, who would starve in any other country and is perfectly useless here. . . . He was bred to his Father's trade, an operative Weaver in the Town of Perth, but was too lazy to live by his Loom; read novels, became sentimental and fancied himself the hero of every tale or Romance that passed through his hands. Ran away from his Master, found employment for a few months as a Grocer's shopman at New York, but had not sufficient steadiness to retain his situation. Pushed his way into Canada and was at the age of 25 Engaged an Apprentice Clerk by the N.W. Coy, for whom he came into the interior, but found so useless that he was dismissed the Service. His age about 55. . . ."

It is a vindictive, and partially false summary. Robertson was not dismissed from the Northwesters. He left with a completely friendly testimonial "to the Zeal and Fidelity with which you have served . . . . during a residence of six years in the Indian Country." What Robertson's position was in the North West Company is not stated, but it was sufficient for William Auld, Superintendent of Hudson's Bay Company's Northern Factories, to send him with an introduction to the London Committee. Another error was Simpson's account of Robertson's age. In 1803 Robertson was twenty, and in 1832 he would be forty-nine years. No one knows certainly the day of Simpson's birth, but he could not have been more than a few years younger than Robertson.

The collection of Robertson's letters was addressed to "Andrew Colville and John Halkett Esquires, Members of the Committee of The Honorable The Hudsons Bay Company," with this introduction:

"The following letters in their present rude and unpruned state were writted by me chiefly on the spur of the moment, being copied from my daily journal which I was in the habit of keeping while in the employ of the Hudsons Bay Company, and I cannot offer them without an apology for their very great imperfections and defects.

"I have contented myself with a simple enumeration of the events that have fallen under my notice, and the sufferings I have endured both before and after the junction [1821]."

Many of the letters were addressed to Peter Irving, a brother of Washington Irving and a fellow merchant in Liverpool. Others were to George Moffatt, of Montreal. They are brisk, informative, and good humoured. Ending in 1822, they give no picture of their writer's downhill path in the "new" Hudson's Bay Company, but this is to be found in the well-documented, generous and fair introduction written by Mr. Rich.

"Things is going pretty good. . . ."

Last December a number of Indians from Eastern Canada were sent to the Winnipeg store by the Indian Affairs branch of the Department of Mines and Resources. They stayed for three weeks, demonstrating and selling their handicrafts. While customers watched, they wove cloth and baskets, and made canoe paddles, axe handles and lacrosse sticks with their curved knives. One of them, Mrs. Garrow, decided that the Press was not giving them enough attention. So, quite off her own bat, she wrote the letter below to the "Winnipeg Free Press." "Ka-ien-te-res" is Miss Kathleen Moodie, who superintends their work.

TO THE PAPER:

WHEN us Indians from St. Regis go to places nearer our home to sell our baskets the men from the papers come to talk to us and ask questions and visit with us and then they put the things we say into the paper with a lot of things we don't say at all and we like to see the names in the paper and we send it home. The paper men don't know us in Winnipeg and they don't come to see us so I thought I'd just tell you about us being at the Company Store. They treat us good. We don't just sell our own baskets but we sell for all the Indians, Other Tribes too. I am write this to the Free Press because we buy that every day because we are staying in a place on that street. Most places we go we have a bigger bunch but on account of the railway tickets there are just six of us here. Pete, he's my husband, and Charlie and his wife, and young Eunice and Big Joe. Ka-ien-te-res, our friend from the Department in Ottawa came first and got things ready for us and we keep house in a place on your street not far from the Bay. Things is going pretty good too except we got a cold on the train because the first night the air hole blew hard on us but then the porter showed us how to turn it the other way. Joe forgot his dyes and Charlie's wife won't give him any until he buys her some candy and he says he just has money for his chew tobacco until pay day so he doesn't color his baskets except when she eats her lunch behind the curtain. Another day Eunice the weaver lost the two smooth sticks she has to have when she threads her loom because one of the cleaning men threw them out but not a-purpose. Her hair stood up for a while but Mr. Price the man in the brown coat made her two new ones and they are better than the old ones.

A lot of people say we are not real Indians. Not black enough. I guess they don't know how many kinds of people there are in the Tribes of North America. It was the white people who named us Indians and my son Alex is educated in Cornwall High School and he says the white men who came to this country long ago thought it was India and called the people here Indians, and they were a long ways out. I guess that was maybe the first mistake the white men made about us. Then the soldiers and missionaries and traders couldn't say our own names and they gave us white names. With my people when they give an Indian name to a white friend it is an honour. It is a sign of affection. It is to adopt them to us and to try to do well for them. We think sometimes it is different with the white people when they give names to us. I guess if the white people who thought he was in India hadn't called us Indians and the white fellow who thought he was in China when he got to Montreal would have called us Chinamen, but I know I am a Canadian Mohawk of the Mohawk Tribe of North America.

It was the Honorable Crerar who started this Indian Welfare Service and he got the Honorable Hoey to come to Ottawa a couple of years ago and they are both from Winnipeg. He's the Mr. Crerar that's in England right now helping King George about Canada and the war.

Every day something interesting happens at the Store, and to-day a whole bunch of nice young fellows came to see us. They said they came from the training school over at the House [Hudson's Bay House]. They are all going to different places to work among the Indians when they finish at that school.

If any of your paper men want to visit us tell them to come early because we get awful busy. Ka-ien-te-res says I can't write the name of the Store in this letter because you wouldn't like it, but you can ask Mr. Klein or Mr. Douglas or any of the men you see wearing our woven ties. They all know where we are and come to see us often and we like it.

From yours truly,
GI-ERE-KE-TE (Shining Moon)

Fur Trade apprentices graduating from the Winnipeg Training School in January. Left to right: Standing; R. H. Ploughman, L. Colborne, A. P. Thorburn, C. I. Cook, H. O. Boone. Sitting, J. S. Wills, D. O'Sullivan, J. Hope-Brown, supervisor, S. G. L. Horner, radio instructor, C. E. Garnett, G. M. McLeod. At the cooking class, R. H. G. Bonnycastle dons an apron before trying one of Dan O'Sullivan's buns.

FUR TRADE NEWS

Fur Trade Commissioner's Office

Doing business right across this country continues to require a great deal of travelling by Fur Trade staff, and the past three months have been no exception. January saw the Fur Trade Commissioner in Ottawa and Montreal, where he met S. H. Parsons, Labrador district manager. He then visited Senneterre, La Sarre, Oskelaneo and other posts with District Manager George Watson.

Paul Davoud has also visited Ottawa, Montreal and Edmonton on northern transport business.

During January Frank Ryan and R. H. G. Bonnycastle spent a few days in Toronto consulting with Dr. Tisdall on various matters relating to the latter's research on northern diet and health and the production of a special booklet for the staff on these subjects.

H. E. Cooper, Merchandise Manager, attended a conference of retail stores merchandise executives held in Calgary in January.

In November, R. H. Chesshire paid a visit to Winnipeg.

H. P. Warne's recent tours of inspection have taken him all the way from Vancouver to Montreal.

Fur traders have always made extensive use of air transportation, and in 1939 approximately 165,000 passenger miles were chalked up on fur trade business flights by district managers and others. In all, 158 members of the Fur Trade used air transport during 1939.

A very successful demonstration and exhibition of Indian handicrafts was staged at the Winnipeg Store in December by a party of Indians under the direction of Miss K. Moodie of the Indian Affairs Branch, Ottawa. Visitors to the exhibit were greatly impressed by it as an indication of the work being developed among the Indians by the Indian Affairs Branch. This work is considered of great importance to the future welfare of the natives.

A special fur farming course held by the University of Manitoba in November was attended by George Ash, of the Bird's Hill Fur Farm staff, and Leonard Butler, biologist attached to F.T.C.O. Mr. Butler also attended the Midwest Wildlife Conference at St. Paul, Minnesota, early in December. A special laboratory has now been equipped in Hudson's Bay House for researches on animal population and investigation into the causes and control of diseases amongst fur animals and sledge dogs.

At the Cumberland House Muskrat Lease, 20 Indians and others were engaged in taking off fine fur during the late fall. Construction of a dam and patrol cabins is being carried out during the winter.

Miss Marian Ross, a valued member of the fur trade staff in Winnipeg, and daughter of the late Thomas Ross, Fur Trade pensioner, was married on the 3rd February to Mr. Lowell Wallace. Mrs. Wallace takes with her the good wishes of her many friends in the Company, who presented her with a case of flatware when she left.

George Campbell has recently joined the Fur Trade staff and is at present employed in the Winnipeg Depot.

A new class of nine graduated from the Apprentice Training School at the end of January. Jack Hope-Brown reports the boys made a very good showing during their course of training, and we wish them good luck as they start in at the fascinating business of learning to be practical fur traders in the North. They have been assigned to the following posts: Cyril Cook, Fort McPherson; Edwin Garnett, Fort St. John; George McLeod, Montreal Lake; Allan Thorburn, Stanley; Lloyd Colburn, Pagwa River (temporary); Dan O'Sullivan, Bersimis; Howard Boone, Blanc Sablon; Reuben Ploughman, Pointe Bleue (temporary).

Three more of the Fur Trade staff have left the Company to take up service with Canada's armed forces. Pilot Harry Winny has enlisted with the Royal Canadian Air Force as flying officer and Frank R. Hynes, post manager from Labrador District, is now with the Royal Canadian Air Force as wireless operator. Wilfred Finch, apprentice at Stanley, has joined the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve. Best of luck and a speedy return!

At the first of the year, announcement was made from the Fur Trade Commissioner's Office of the introduction of several important new personnel policies. Details of these are being sent to all posts. The most important is undoubtedly the new policy on salary and mess which will doubtless be welcomed in the North.

The Personnel Office in Winnipeg was occupied during January in choosing a new selection of books for post libraries for 1940. Another 10,000 reprints have been ordered, and in addition other literature of current interest is being provided.

From Toronto Dr. Tisdall reports having received some 300 Daily Food Records. However, some members of the post staff who could have done so have not yet returned these booklets. This is one way we can give real assistance in Dr. Tisdall's work, so any Daily Food Record still outstanding should be sent in at once to Dr. Tisdall.

Gardening at posts is another project receiving study these days, and a special effort is being organized to encourage gardening at posts. Seeds are being made available and will be distributed, together with special instructions for northern horticulture.

Announcement has been made of the prize winners in the 1939 Suggestion Competition and awards have been mailed to the following: F. McLeod, Woswonaby; G. A. Beare, Bersimis; S. A. Taylor, Long Lake; R. C. Ross, Lake River; F. Reid, Fort Vermilion; H. B. Frankland, Pointe Bleue; L. R. Johnson, Montizambert. One hundred and seventy-one suggestions were received in the 1939 competition, and a new campaign has been launched to bring in more and better ideas for the 1940 contest.

St. Lawrence District

The death occurred on January 2, at Richelieu, P.Q., of Captain R. H. Taylor, at the age of eighty years. He had a long and adventurous career, going to sea when he was nineteen years old. Captain Taylor was born at Carbonear, Newfoundland. His first experience of the Arctic seas took place when he joined Admiral Peary's expedition to the North Pole. Upon his return from the expedition, he joined the Company's service, when he was given command of the supply ship M.S. *Fort York*, distributing the Nelson River District supplies. He was wrecked twice, on one occasion being stranded off the Azores with his wife and family for forty days before help arrived. One of Captain Taylor's greatest memories was when, after the Great War, he took a ship across the Atlantic and sailed it through the Kiel Canal to the accompaniment of hisses from the Germans lined up on its banks. His only son, who was a lieutenant in the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, was killed at the battle of Passchendaele. He is survived by his widow and seven daughters.

Fire broke out at La Sarre on the morning of January 4, destroying Cleman's store, the Abitibi Power and Paper Company's office, the crown prosecutor's office and living quarters, and also all his records. The fire, which was discovered by Mrs. Martel, wife of the crown prosecutor, is said to have started in Cleman's store. The loss is expected to be around $45,000.

The seal fishery east of the Romaine territory was reported to have been poor up to Christmas. The long stretch of mild weather is said to have kept the seals away. It is hoped, however, that colder weather will bring the main body of seals back.

Wintry conditions in the early fall indicated a very early freeze up, but the weather turned mild, making travelling dangerous in the bush country. The Indian hunters were unable to carry on intensive trapping, and large numbers were marooned for days at their hunting camps. The mild weather and lack of snow also retarded pulp-wood hauling operations at Mattice until almost Christmas. However, good falls of snow have since been experienced and our tractor equipment is consequently busy on the job. We are pleased to be able to report that Pensioner W. E. Swaffield was able to pay us his usual visit on Christmas Eve, accompanied by his son Bert of the Ungava District. He was looking hale and hearty.

Unfortunately, Pensioner F. C. Gaudet, who has been making similar visits each year, was unable to do so this year, being laid up with an attack of la grippe. Mr. Gaudet, however, is now much improved and called at the office after the New Year.

Private W. E. C. Tutching, late of this District, recently called at the office. He is at present located at Kingston, Ontario, serving with the R.C.A.M.C.

G. W. Rowley, who was recently a member of the British Canadian Arctic Expedition, is at present in Ottawa and expects shortly to receive his commission in the Canadian forces. Patrick Baird, another member of the same expedition, who came out on the *Nascopie*, has also joined up, being in the artillery. J. R. Willie, and J. T. D. Ford also joined the same corps, J. T. D. having come from Newfoundland to join up with his cousin and brother.

Paul Letellier, late of Senneterre post, called at the office and informed us he was now with the Department of Fish and Game, being located at Quebec.

No word has been heard of Pilot Fecteau and his two passengers, who were reported last fall lost whilst en route from Seven Islands to North West River. Several reports received from Indians coming from that vicinity were followed up, but found to be groundless. Pilot Parker recently went through the ice on Lac Pipmankin about 125 miles north of Roberval. The machine was landed O.K., but gradually settled through the ice, until only the tail was showing. Salvage operations are being arranged under Supt. Wollett, but it is expected will take some time before the machine will be freed.

Thomas Brookes, who was formerly employed on the Fur Trade Depot staff, has joined the 13th Battalion Royal Highlanders of Canada. He holds the rank of sergeant and is at present with his regiment in Toronto, where they are in training.

The air mail service out of Rimouski has now been extended as far as Blanc Sablon. There are to be nine scheduled trips, which are spaced every two weeks.

F. Hynes of Labrador District paid us a visit during New Year week, accompanied by Nelson Adams, a former Ungava District apprentice, who is now taking a forestry course at the University of New Brunswick.

Labrador District

J. F. Delaney of Nain post informs us that a native of that place, Jacko Tuglavina, fell through slob ice in December and was drowned.

H. Dominy, third mate of the R.M.S. *Nascopie*, while on leave of absence, paid a short visit to his home here during Christmas and has since returned to "stand by" the ship.

The district manager left for Montreal early in January to meet the Fur Trade Commissioner there to discuss business matters in connection with the district.

It was with deep regret that we heard of the passing of Dr. H. L. Paddon of the International Grenfell Association at Boston a few weeks ago. He was a resident of North West River for many years and intimately known to all H B C men in Labrador.

A telegram received from the manager at Hebron post late in December stated that the weather in that section was still very mild with open water, which had greatly hampered seasonal occupation.

R. M. Howell, late manager of Blanc Sablon post, now on furlough, accompanied by his wife and two children, left here in January for Boston, U.S.A., where they will visit with relatives.

From *The Orcadian* we learn the following about Edward Wishart, joiner, whose name was found under the doorstep when a house he built at North West River was demolished last spring (*Beaver*, Sept. 1939): "Mr. Wishart belongs to a well-known Stromness family. He is still alive, residing in Vancouver, B.C., and unmarried. Stromnessians of an older generation will remember him. His father was a joiner in Stromness 'many a day ago,' with whom Edward served his apprenticeship."

Ungava District

Weddings and rumours of weddings! This is the tale from Ungava District, for marrying and giving in marriage must go on despite the vagaries of the fox cycle. On Saturday, December 2, 1939, in the Soldiers' Chapel of St. Luke's Church, Winnipeg, Miss Evelyn Pace was wed to A. L. Crozier. As this impending marriage had been kept a deep secret, Mrs. Crozier created great excitement when she appeared as usual at Hudson's Bay House on Monday morning and only then announced her change of name. Mrs. Crozier retired from the service on the 23rd of December. On December 19, Mrs. Crozier was presented with a silver tea service and tray as a parting gift from the staff of Hudson's Bay House. During most of her stay there Mrs. Crozier had been associated with the Ungava District office.

During the month of December the engagement of Miss Marion Buell of Rochester, N.Y., to Post Manager P. A. C. Nichols was announced, and, as if this wasn't enough excitement, District Accountant O. M. Demment, on return early in the new year from a short vacation in the south, announced his betrothal to Miss A. E. Lundy of Troy, N.Y. From a matrimonial point of view Ungava District has certainly been in the limelight recently. According to present arrangements the wedding of Miss Lundy and Mr. Demment will be celebrated this spring, while Miss Buell will travel north to meet her fiance this summer.

We learn that J. R. Ford, J. T. D. Ford, and W. G. J. Ford, are now somewhere in England with the 7th Field Battery, R.C.A. We understand that Bill Ford doesn't care very much for the dull and foggy winter climate of England, and would much prefer sunny Povungnetuk.

Post Manager A. T. Swaffield has had no less than three operations in Montreal, and we understand that he has to undergo a fourth before he is fully restored to health. Indications are that he will be fit and well to go north again this summer.

Post Manager J. G. Cormack, after a lengthy stay in Toronto has gone to visit in Ottawa, where he is a guest of D. A. Nichols, physiographer, of the Department of Mines and Resources. Mr. Nichols, who is a contributor to this issue of *The Beaver*, has for many years accompanied the scientific staff of the Eastern Arctic Patrol.

Mrs. J. A. Thom and daughter Sandra continue to live in southern Ontario, and are in good health and spirits.

Radiogram reports from the Arctic indicate a very mild and open fall with unsatisfactory trapping and travelling conditions.

James Bay District

Mgr. Henri Belleau has been honoured by being made a bishop and named Apostolic Vicar of James Bay. The new bishop was formerly a professor at Scholastica of St. Joseph, Ottawa.

J. A. Rogers, P. J. Soper and Norman Ross, who have been on furlough for the past three months, are now looking forward to returning north.

Reports indicate that the Indians are benefiting considerably from the supply of country food, which is now more plentiful than it has been for the past four years.

During the past few weeks, Gifford Swartman, Indian Agent, whose headquarters are at Sioux Lookout, has inspected a number of reserves in the Albany River section.

Mrs. J. S. C. Watt of Rupert's House was in North Bay recently to visit her children, who are attending school there.

Reverend L. Sampson, Anglican missionary at Rupert's House, is enjoying a well earned vacation in Eastern Canada.

We deeply regret to record the death of Freddy Gunner, by drowning at Moose Factory. Freddy was born at Moose Factory and was well known as a capable traveller and guide.

The district manager returned to Winnipeg on January 23 from an inspection trip of posts in northern Ontario.

Saskatchewan District

After an early cold snap in the month of October, as reported in the last issue of the *Beaver*, the weather turned mild, with the result that very unfavourable trapping and travelling conditions were experienced during November and the greater part of December. This naturally had an adverse effect on trapping activities, to the disadvantage of the native population. Fortunately, however, rabbits are reported generally to be on the increase throughout the district and this very likely presages a few seasons of better living conditions for the Indians and better trapping conditions for both white and Indian trappers.

District Manager R. A. Talbot left Winnipeg on January 8 for an inspection journey which took him all through the western portion of the district before his return to the city at the end of February. Most of his travelling was done by air.

Mrs. J. L. Charlton, wife of the post manager at God's Lake, was a visitor to Winnipeg in December, en route to New York, where she spent the Christmas season with her father. After an enjoyable Christmas, Mrs. Charlton returned to God's Lake.

C. E. Hamilton arrived in Winnipeg from God's Lake December 15 and, after an operation for appendicitis, he left for Cumberland House in January. His operation took a normal course and he is returning to duty with every indication of being in good health.

Apprentice W. A. Finch left Stanley post early in the winter and has joined the R.C.N.V.R. in Regina.

At the end of January two apprentices, graduates of the Winnipeg Training School, left for their respective posts in the district, Apprentice A. P. Thorburn for Stanley and Apprentice G. M. McLeod for Montreal Lake. We wish these young men success in their new spheres.

British Columbia District

Early this year a race took place up in northern B.C. between the stork and an aeroplane, with the radio lending a helping hand. H. C. Borbridge, post manager at Fort Ware, was expecting an addition to his family, and had made arrangements for his wife to go out by plane to Prince George. But the plane didn't come. For about a week Mr. Borbridge vainly tried to contact various posts through his station VY2L. At long last he got through to the Government station at Finlay Forks, and through that to Pilot Alex Dame of the Yukon Southern. Following his instructions, Mr. Dame flew to Fort Grahame, picked up Mrs. J. Copeland, wife of the post manager (and her seven-months baby) and flew them to Fort Ware. Only a few hours after their arrival, the other arrival took place—a boy.

We welcome to the District, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Johnston, formerly of Aklavik and now stationed at Fort St. James, where they arrived early in December and have already established one record for the post. We have to congratulate them on the arrival of two daughters, the first twins born at Fort St. James, Margaret Rose and Mary Weir, who came to stay with them on January 10. Mrs. Johnston and the new arrivals are all doing very well, but Mr. Johnston, we are afraid, has not yet recovered!

W. B. Gourlay, who has been in Vancouver on sick leave for the past three months, is now back on the job again as hale and as hearty as ever, and is being stationed temporarily at Fort St. James.

On November 27 we had to rush an aeroplane in to Tacla to bring out Mrs. Forman, wife of our manager there, to hospital at Prince George. Mrs. Forman was seriously ill, but we are glad to report that she is now on the road to recovery and hopes to return to Tacla early in February.

The district manager made his regular winter inspection of line posts in B.C. District in November and early December. Posts visited included Fort St. James, Tacla, Hazelton, Kitwanga and Port Simpson. Another trip was made to Fort St. James in January.

Congratulations are also due to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Glennie of McLeod's Lake post on the arrival of a daughter, Margaret Helen, born at Winnipeg on November 17, 1939. Mrs. Glennie expected to arrive at the post before Christmas, but, due to unfavourable flying conditions, had to spend Christmas at Prince George.

Here is an exploit of an H B C man which is well worth recording. At Port Simpson, B.C., there was a bad shooting accident recently, which resulted in serious injury to a local boy, the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Deane. To save the young lad's life, an immediate blood transfusion was necessary. Apprentice Gordon Simpson never hesitated, and upon being found a suitable donor, was right there with the goods. Young Deane is now recovering.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

B. F. Clark spent the month of December and is spending the greater part of January inspecting posts in the Athabasca section of the district.

We congratulate W. R. Garbutt upon his marriage to Miss Irene Hines of Coventry, England, in November. The wedding took place at Edmonton and we hear that the happy couple are now comfortably settled down at Fort Nelson.

We extend a welcome to R. R. Graham, who will act as assistant to R. H. Cheshire, supervisor of western districts. Mr. Graham is at present travelling with B. F. Clark in the Peace River country.

A few weeks ago the school at Fort Smith was damaged by fire and at present temporary quarters at the Anglican Mission are being used. H. A. McDonald, manager of Fort Smith post, has been elected a member of the school committee.

The district manager spent the greater part of December inspecting posts between Fort McMurray and Great Slave Lake. He left again early in January for a trip which will take him as far as Aklavik. A. M. Jones was his companion on each trip. On the first trip the party spent a couple of nights in the bush.

Nelson River District

District Manager W. E. Brown left Winnipeg on January 5 on an inspection trip which took him as far afield as Pukatawagan, Nelson House, Shamattawa, York Factory, and Split Lake, besides a number of other intervening posts, returning to the city on February 8. Most of this trip was done by air.

We learn that Post Manager J. M. Stanners is well established at his new post, Igloolik, and that he likes the post site and harbour. In common with most other Eastern Arctic posts, trade is not particularly brisk, due to the fox cycle.

The road from Wabowden to Nelson House was completed shortly before the onset of winter weather, at which time most of the local workers transferred their activities to the trap lines.

Throughout the District there are reports of an early and rather severe cold snap about the middle of October, later followed by a long period of mild weather extending practically up to Christmas time, which hampered trading and trapping activities to a great extent. Even the caribou were affected by the weather, for we learn that the migration took place fully a month earlier than usual.

The European war is causing great disturbance to the natives at Pukatawagan, where we understand, due to the circulation of irresponsible reports, the Indians were thoroughly convinced the Germans would bomb the village of Pukatawagan. As a result of this they took to the bush, and it is to be hoped that their trapping activities will benefit thereby.

We understand that the Manitoba Game Department is trying out a new experiment in the way of leased trapping lines on the Hudson Bay Railway. The idea is to give each individual trapper an interest in his particular trap line with a view to the conservation of wild life and particularly fur bearers.

Friends of Rev. and Mrs. L. Rowe will be pleased to know that a son was born to them at Dryden, Ontario, October 1, 1939. The baby is named Ralph Knight Munck Rowe; "Knight" after the H B C factor who founded Churchill in 1717; "Munck" after Captain Jens Munck, who led the Danish Expedition to Nova Dania in 1619. Rev. L. Rowe was Anglican missionary at Churchill until his transfer to Western Ontario, where his mission covers the districts of Ignace, Dyment, Dinorwic and Wabigoon.

Western Arctic District

The regular winter mail from posts in the Coronation Gulf had not been received when these notes were written. An early winter mail arrived from Tuktuk and Maitland Point, and reports from these localities indicate that everything is going well, with prospects fair.

The *Fort Ross* is wintering well at Tuktuk. Mate L. Adey and Boatswain W. Starkes are living on board the vessel. Engineer Piercey, who is at present in Halifax, will join the ship before navigation opens.

Messrs. Figgures and Hooper have had a busy time at Maitland Point, where the former police detachment has been converted into a trading post. Occasional visitors from the Government reindeer herd on Nicholson Island state that things are going well there.

The outstanding event of the year on the Arctic Coast was the flight of Pilot Brown of Mackenzie Air Service to Cambridge Bay, Victoria Island, where two serious medical cases awaited hospitalization. The patients were flown to Fort Smith via Coppermine and Bear Lake. Flying conditions during the coast flight were stated to be excellent, but owing to the very poor light, it was not without the element of risk.

W. Gibson has reported his arrival at King William Land post on January 20, after twenty-five days of hard travel from Fort Ross. Dogs were very scarce following an epidemic of dog-sickness. Mr. Gibson is carrying out an inspection of all posts en route, and is due to arrive at Coppermine in early March.

Captain R. J. Summers has now settled in North Vancouver, his family having arrived from England some time ago.

Radio reports are coming in regularly from Maitland Point, Holman Island, Bathurst Inlet and King William Land. The four stations are operated by men who have not had the benefit of training but their enthusiasm is encouraging.

Messrs. Milne and Sturrock are on holiday in Vancouver, A Gavin and J. J. Wood in Winnipeg and R. Jardine in Bermuda.

STAFF CHANGES

BRITISH COLUMBIA DISTRICT

Name	From	To
W. P. Johnston	Furlough	Manager, Fort St. James
W. B. Gourlay	Furlough	Assistant, Fort St. James
D. G. Bullock	Apprentice, Kitwanga	Apprentice, Hazelton
M. H. McKeand	Apprentice, Hazelton	Apprentice, Kitwanga

MACKENZIE-ATHABASCA DISTRICT

Name	From	To
W. D. H. Frechette	F.T.C.O.	Assist., Fort Resolution
B. Merrill	Appren., Saskatchewan Dis.	Appren., Fort Chipewyan
D. Moir	Appren., Fort Fitzgerald	Appren., Fort Smith
R. W. Peel	Appren., Saskatchewan Dis.	Appren., Portage la Loche

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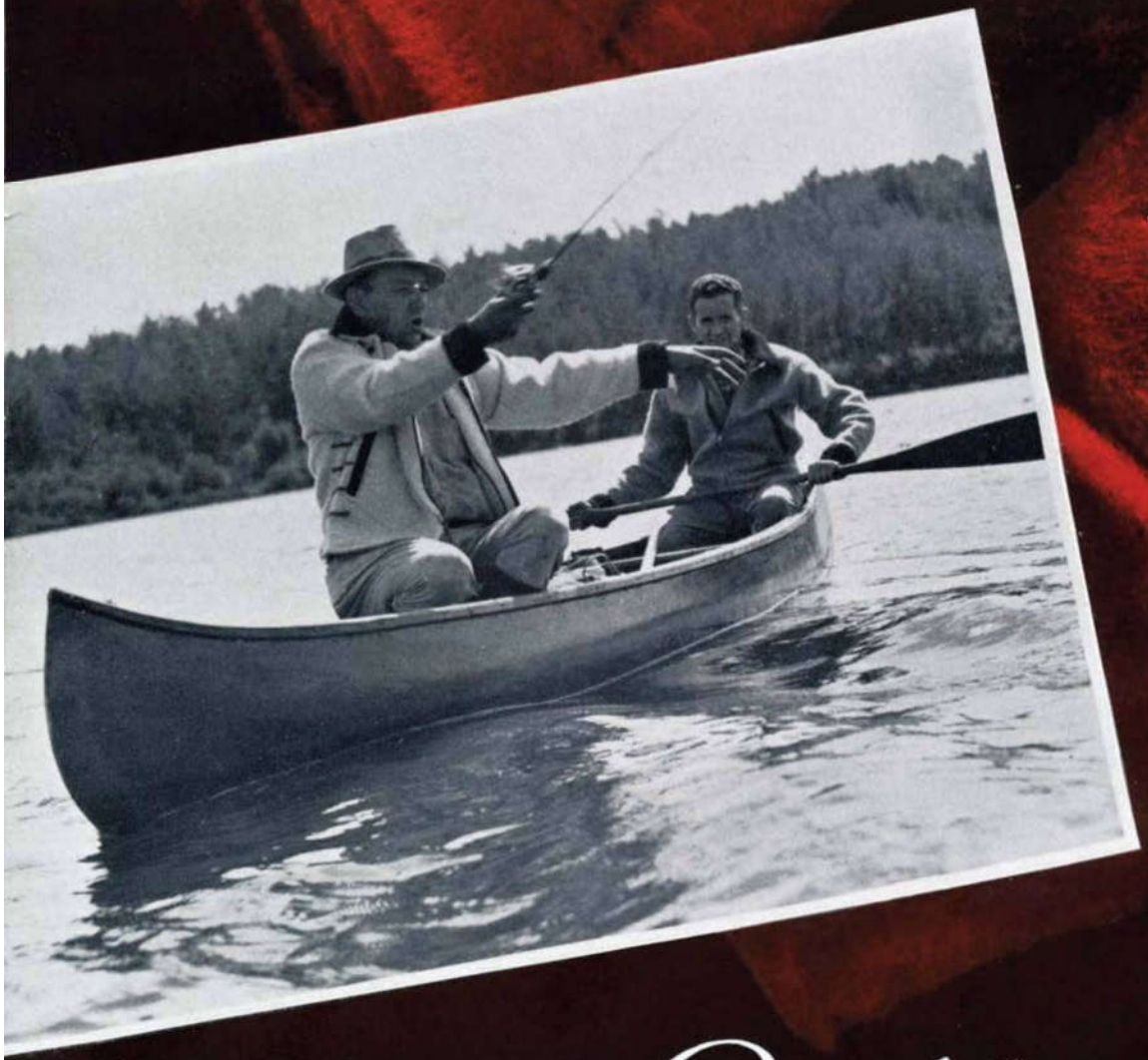

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